

Madison, Indiana

January 3, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Lucia Dearest:

The boys reached Wheaton last Tuesday and Wednesday - Howard stayed over in Indianapolis to have a "kookyung" [sight-see] of the Lilly drug factory where Henry Moffett Lee is working. They had a fine Christmas here - Merry Christmas & a Happy New Year are now over and this week they settle down to college duties again.

Now I am wondering about you & Tom and hoping that another week will see you back in P.Y. We have started on the supposedly last month of my 4 months of quiet and I am beginning to think of plans for return to P.Y.

Of course as yet you are not to talk of my getting back to P.Y. It will doubtless be more than a month after you receive this before I get started from here and I prefer that no one except you have any idea as to when I shall reach you. My! but how greatly I shall rejoice when I can make a move to start back.

Howard and Susie have been as helpful as they can be and it has been a great joy to have these months together. Susie at 78 years is up & around and looks to be about 60. Howard is also out and at work almost every day working on the improvement of his place and looks after all financial affairs.

The Depression was a most tremendous experience and there were hundreds of thousands or even millions who were made to lose all they had laid up for emergency uses in their old age. We were hit hard but there is a little coming in which may help us a little - about \$500⁰⁰ a year perhaps. We can probably expect a little more from time to time as some of the investments are probably to return some slight returns.

A few days ago one of your investments sent in a check for \$16.80. I will explain the whole situation when I get to you.

I am enclosing some letters and post card Charles sent me which will give you some side lights from the boys as they wrote to Charles.

Am interrupted just now - will write later.

Lovingly,

Sambo

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

January 3, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom,

Back to Wheaton and our two room suite again! It has been a good vacation, rather quiet and uneventful, but I feel a lot more like studying again than before. Not that I'm at all anxious to get to work again, but since it must be I'm glad for the mental rest of the last two weeks. Algebra was enough to make anyone fit for an institution, and I'm awfully afraid the worst is just coming up now. The 1st of February will bring relief though. I haven't the ghost of an idea what Trigonometry is like, but ignorance is bliss, so I'm still hoping.

We left Madison Monday morning. Uncle Howard and Father drove us over to North Madison and after sitting on the road for half an hour a grouch picked us up wanting to know if the buses weren't running or if we thought he was running a taxi service for our private benefit here. We got to Indianapolis early that afternoon and located at Betty's apartment. After supper Henry Moffett Lee came over and we talked for awhile, making arrangements for us to go through Lilly's Pharmaceutical Plant (the largest of its kind in the world) with him the next day. He does chemical research work there in an office of his own, and was awfully nice to us. Later that evening we went out to Cousin Mary Kautz's place and had a good visit with them. She was very jolly, made us feel right at home in the kitchen, and bawled us out for not having visited them before. They have a lovely home too, so it's quite likely that we'll take her up on it one of these days if we ever get the chance.

The next morning Sam set out for this joint, or rather place, and I messed around town until noon when Betty met me and we went over to Lilly's. Henry took us all around his building, we watched a famous Chinese scientist do an experimental operation on a cat, and then after Betty left I took a three hour personally conducted tour by a guide who was a good friend of Henry's. And did we ever do a thorough job of that huge place. I was worn out by the time we finished, but it was intensely interesting and I was mighty glad I stayed over. It makes one think twice now before swallowing a pill, just to realize the tremendous amount of work and preparation gone into its making.

The next day it poured like nobody's onions, but there was nothing else I wanted to do in Indianapolis so I did my best at picking up rides between the raindrops. And except for a three hour retreat on someone's front porch whistling for the solid sheet of water to let up, it was pretty successful. While there two old ladies would periodically come out and ask me to come in and get warm, but I was rather wet and didn't want to bother them. And when I did get rides they were plenty fast and long. One fellow ploughed through the puddles and driving rain at a clip fast enough for us to make sixty miles in just one hour - - which can't be complained of. I got in here about six, and found out it was just in time for a Dorm party.

Thursday morning I slept, wrote letters in the afternoon, and then had a leap year date with Rosa to see the new year in. It was really a triple affair as Sam was with Eugenia Beery, and Pete Stam was with someone by the name of Polly. We didn't do much, but generally wasted away the time and then went to the watch night service at the church for a while.

1/03/1937 - p.2 H.F.M.

Friday morning I again slept, listened to the New Year's day football classics all afternoon after a community dinner at the church, and played Rook and Monopoly in the evening. Pittsburgh sure put it over on Washington University 21-0 in the Rose Bowl game. They were slated to lose.

Guess what I did Saturday morning? Right the first time. I slept. But remember that none of these evenings did I get to bed before midnight, so I came out about even on the sleep. In the afternoon I wrote a few letters and then went up to our first basketball practice. Coach wore us to a frazzle for three hours, and then after we were tortuously dying he cheerfully made us run twenty laps around the gym! My only desire after that was to crawl between the sheets, which I did before long and listened to the radio.

This morning I got up earlier than usual, wrote to Father, and got to church on time. Now I've just finished an after-dinner bowl of soup with Mrs. Roy and have brought the week up to date.

Tomorrow I'm going to try to do a little outside reading for Sociology that I've intended to do all along this vacation. Funny how those things never seem to get done.

I guess you and Tommy are still in Peiping. Father seems to think that he'll be leaving us next month. We hate to lose him, but I can easily understand why he wants to get back to Korea. What wouldn't I give to go along too!

How's the ice out there this winter, Mutso? It's been too warm here practically all vacation, but the last couple of days have turned bitterly cold. Just like last year outside now, but I sure hope it doesn't stay that way. I wish it'd learn how to strike a compromise.

Dayton will probably turn up tomorrow sometime. At least Grace seems to think so.

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

January 3, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom:

It's winter again today, now that vacation is over, and we have no more time to go ice-skating. All vacation balmy breezes swept the campus bringing thaws and rains and no ice. It was pretty handy though for hitch-hiking.

And I think I'll stick to hitch-hiking. Coming from Indianapolis I reached West Lafayette and there was discouraged by a driving cold rain. So I thought I'd give in and take the rest of the trip in luxury by Greyhound. But the bus was an hour late to begin with, and then about 100 miles from Chicago broke down. I waited around for a while, and then got tired, and besides I was in a hurry to get home by midnight, so I got out and picked up a ride from a passing car into Chicago. Now I'm trying to see if I can't get a refund on the ticket.

After we wrote our letters last Sunday - - no it was Friday - - Charlie and Marion called up, around ten o'clock, and we had to rout father out of bed in a hurry before the telephone tolls mounted up too high. Jim and Eleanor had called up in the morning. Betty left Sunday, and that evening we had a big discussion on spiritualism, telepathy and demon possession and kindred subjects. Also I spent part of the evening in a rather unusual occupation for the Sabbath - - trying to find some swing music on the radio for Aunt Susie. She had read a Readers Digest article on it, and thought it would be nice, and I was trying to convince her it was just a violent form of jazz.

Monday we set out by thumb for Indianapolis, and this time instead of kicking Betty [their cousin] out to sleep on the sofa, we were allotted the davenports, for her roommate had arrived from Chicago. The girls cooked and we washed dishes, and we all survived. We called up Henry Moffett Lee and he came over that evening and invited us to go through Eli Lilly's, the largest pharmacy company in the world, where he works. Later we went up to visit Cousin Mary Kautz, and also met her sister Helen and her daughter Katherine, who is bursar of a big private school in Washington D.C. We had a grand time there rifling the pantry for coca-cola and cookies. The next morning I had to leave, but Howard and Betty went through the drug plant.

Back to Wheaton and more *Tower* work. Howard arrived the next day just in time to go with me to the leap year party at the new girls' dorm. And then the next day, more work and in the evening another leap year date - - last chance. Howard was invited by Rosa Bell and I by Eugenia Berry, a senior; Peter Stam III and Pauline Winslow completed the party. We played games, the girls took us down town and treated us at the Chatterbox. We ended up to see the New Year in at a watch night service at the college church of Christ.

Yesterday I slept most of the morning, but did manage to pull myself up in time to get up to New Years Dinner at the College Church at 1, and the program after it. That evening Howie and I went over to play rook where Eleanor [Soltau] is staying, with her and Genevieve Hinote. I'm wrong - - that was Friday, New Years.

And now in two days school begins. At least I can be thankful it begins on Tuesday, with two classes for me, and not Monday on which I have three. But exams are around the corner. And our next *Tower* deadline is the 15th.

How's the world traveler, Mutso. Didn't the bandits get you? We didn't hear from you last week, so we suspect the worst - - either bandits or a train-wreck or war. Whatever happens don't forget to brush your teeth.

Lots of love,

Sam

Sam H.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

January 4, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Lucia Dearest:

I have just finished the newspaper account of the death of Dr. Machen [J. Gresham Machen] which I fear may cause trouble and an anxiety to the men who have left our mission. I do most heartily wish the Hamiltons may find financial support for their future. Extend to them my sympathy and assure them that they are petitioned in our prayers.

When you get this look over your finances and if you have plenty to reach your expenses for several months - please arrange with Mr. Genso for him to issue to you for payment to Howard S. Moffett - the "blue slip" by which he pays to any one in America a blue slip for One Thousand Dollars payable to Howard S. Moffett. I am arranging for his disposal of that amount so as to insure for Howard E. Moffett.

Am hoping to go tomorrow to Indianapolis for my passport. My! but I wish I could talk over many things with you.

With lots of love to you, dearest -

Sambo

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

Tuesday, January 5, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys, [Sam and Howard]

Have received Lucia's and Tom's letters from Mukden today. They are for us all - so I send them on to you.

Glad you had a good time in Indianapolis. I am expected to go to Indianapolis tomorrow to get my passport. Am glad you wrote your Bread and Butter letter.

This coming Sunday I think we can count on Lucia and Tom being in Pyengyang again.

With love,

Father

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Mukden, Manchuria
The Yamato Hotel

January 7, 1937
5:30 p.m. by Tokyo time

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Sambo,

In an hour and a half we have seven o'clock dinner and are grateful for the change of time.

Last night was not at all wearisome. Mrs. and Miss Robb were still awake; the cars are new and we were quite rested enough to get up and get ready for customs examination at 7:40. Before getting to Shanhaikwan Tom went forward on a scouting expedition and picked out such a nice car [that] I felt sure it must be second class. He was right though - he had made sure, and we had a whole section all the way here to Mukden.

Four other ladies were put in the Robbs' compartment - six for daytime - so we could rest better than they.

Our train leaves at 11:50 Tokyo time and reaches Pyengyang tomorrow morning at 10:10, as we probably told you.

[unsigned, but from Lucia]

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Papa,

We left Peking at four, day before yesterday and arrived in Tientsin at 6:08. We were met by someone from the C.I.M. [China Inland Mission] Missionary Home and he put us in rickshas. We drove up through a city which looked to me as if it must be as modern as New York. We left there at 11:40 the next night and arrived here at 3:30. The train leaves at 11:50 tonight and arrives at Pyengyang at 10:10.

To go back to Monday. In the morning we packed and then in the afternoon we took some parcels of soiled clothes to mail. It took us about one hour and a half to make out the slips, seal the parcels with sealing wax and get them through customs.

Tuesday we did some more packing and left at four. Wednesday morning we went by ricksha to the head of the shopping area and walked down it. When we got to the bridge we took rickshas and went back by the bund. In the afternoon we went and saw some rugs and also went all around the city in a two hour ricksha ride.

As there are no sleepers third class from Tientsin to Mukden we went second class and had a compartment with Mrs. and Miss Robb. At Shanhaikwan we changed to third class and had a whole section to ourselves.

Lovingly,
Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

January 10, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Sambo -

When we woke up Friday morning near Antung a grand scramble was beginning, to get ready to pass customs once more and in the midst of it Francis Browne appeared, the sole one of the Chefoo children awake to his responsibilities. But the other heads began to stir soon and then Tom enjoyed himself thoroughly and breakfasted with them. He was on hand, though, for strapping, unstrapping and lugging. We had no duty to pay and neither did the Robbs. Tom was pleased when asked if he had tobacco. The man, of course, knew he didn't.

One of the first things that happened after we got home was the arrival of a market basket full of cards and papers - and a letter from you and one from the boys! and one from Azel [her brother].

This talk of homecoming is pretty good and better than a tonic to think about. Still, I don't think January is a good time for you to go to New York and Dr. Blair, who came in almost as soon as we got here to learn what the last word from you is, was greatly pleased very evidently with your increased "heem" [energy] and at first said "Fine!" tell him to come along." Then he added, "No, he'd better probably not get here until the end of March or early in April. You are still "founder" and no foreigner can be found willing to take it. Miss Snook's place as founder has not been filled either.

Dr. Blair wrote you about three weeks ago and the situation has not changed at all since then. The Executive Committee is still to act on a request of Koreans to buy the property.

A note from Dr. Clark says that he also has written you again - especially about the new property law. I notice however in a Manchukuo paper that the law as administered in Japan is somewhat changed for Korea - that any land within 2 kilometers (1.2 miles) of a railroad forms a special area and can only be held by permission of the government. You saw in my letter to the boys what that man who has lived so long in Japan told me about the alien land law in Japan - that it is not that foreigners cannot own land but that those from certain states like California - which forbid Oriental ownership of land - cannot own it. However, he is trying to sell his house in Tokyo now and may be finding he is mistaken and has only a lease. I don't remember how long he has been there.

You have received by this time the account of receipts from the farm. Tom and I spent ¥800 while we were away. The last day we were in Peking I gave you the pleasure of providing me a new coat that comes up and keeps my bad ear warm. It is very dark brown "pony" and the Lampes who were in this afternoon rave over it more than over Eleanor's. They say it is what Helen Cordelia wants - - says people in America pay \$1000 for. It's rather a joke on me but not an unpleasant one.

The rugs are small but every one likes them very much indeed. One of the C.I.M. [China Inland Mission] girls, business buyer in Tientsin, went with me there to get a third one. It is not

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first quality as the others are but goes with them nicely and certainly was a buy. Altogether so far your presents to Jamie have cost \$142.60 Mex. [Mexican dollars]. You must not let him pay for them for I am not a good enough buyer for that, and have taken for granted that was what you wanted. $142.60 \times \frac{3}{4}$ (exchange is at $\frac{3}{8}$) = \$42.78.

To go back to Friday morning - after the letters, a slip from the Post Office attracted attention and Tom went with Mūn to see if the parcels from Madison were the ones to be claimed. It was from Mrs. Stewart, duty ¥5.10 and holds a nice necktie for you and electric trouser's creaser which will keep you trim, young man, besides nuts, dates, figs and a beautiful black handbag.

Hardly was this explored when the postman brought the big box of candy to the front door. Old Tom - this was Saturday morning - was lying on my bed sick with a stomach ache (we didn't leave our things on the train to go to the dining car, but had crackers and cheese, etc., so he proved to be very bilious for that or some other reason). But though he did not want any just then, he soon called to see and count the bars and knew it would soon taste all the better for present distress.

Then Chai Si appeared from the rear with another big parcel and a slip for "Waffett". If Waffett meant us the postman would run back to the cart and bring still another.

He did, and this handy lap pad, monopoly, and ever so many nice things gladdened our hearts. How you all thought and thought and wrapped and wrapped to make us such a nice Christmas. How tremendously dear you all are!

At last in Tientsin we found a gift for you - a 1937 stamp catalogue. It is something you can surely use so it seemed a safe guess. I bought Sam and Howard a book on "Extempore Speaking" at the same place - the biggest and most complete bookstore I have seen for a good many years. Still, I hope we are not spending so much that all they get is neckties.

Sam wants a book of Korean folk tales. I will see what the C.L.S. has. Yet isn't there enough for a nice present for each of them? You know best and what you decide is all right with any one of us.

With so much love and longing to see you.

Lucia

I'd like to start out again tomorrow to wait for you anywhere but here where you seem to belong and where house and town seem empty without you.

We got a nice carved wood frame in Peiping, jointed to hold four pictures. S.A.M. stands at the left in cap & gown, in the two middle sections he sits & at the right stands in his own garden. I like it immensely.

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Now we want good ones of you and the four boys taken separately but all the same size and we'll joint them up. Married boys would look well with wives.

Your last letter was mailed in Madison December 14th.

Syen Chyun Hospital is facing a suit like that brought in Seoul. A baby died at birth. The father is instigated evidently by a discharged interne and demands several thousand yen or the dismissal of the whole staff and reorganization with himself as head of the advisory board.

Have I said thank you for our trip and all the nice things included? Dear Sam! Don't think me blind to our many many blessings, or covetous. If it is plainly God's will that we should have very little, then I know that that will be best for the boys, too. But if we can make things easy for them - - they work hard anyway and should have reserves of strength left when they finish preparatory work. I did not, and have been sorry, so perhaps say too much.

Do Sam and Bruce [sons of Robert Bowman Moffett] seem overworked? Tom's note to his Aunt Nellie [Sam & Bruce's mother] is terribly stiff. He couldn't think of one thing to say to a stranger and was afraid to start anything interesting lest he wrote more than he had to.

We are praying that you will start home the minute the pressure here would not be too great physically.

Dear Sam!

Pyongyang, Korea

January 10, 1937

Thomas Fish Moffett

Dear Papa,

THANKS HEAPS for the presents. The best one was that about coming back in February, though brothers might not think so.

Love,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

January 10, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Lucia Dearest:

I'm thinking of you as you have returned to P.Y. from your trip to Peiping - and am wishing I were with you in the old home there.

I do not know just what is ahead of us. The maritime strike on the Pacific Coast leaves everything in uncertainty and while I am beginning to get things in shape - it is absolutely uncertain as to when the strike is to be called off. I should like to count upon my leaving here about the middle of February but who knows what the situation will be then.

I have been to Indianapolis - made application for passport and in a few days will have that all prepared and in hand. Aunt Susie went with me and stayed over. Now what to do about going to N[ew] Y[ork] - making a short visit with Jim & Eleanor - which I want to do and then after another visit here - be ready to start for Seattle - taking in Wheaton - Minneapolis and Rolette on the way.

Now you cannot count on any of this but it is a thought which is held before me. I am not sure as to whether to go to N.Y. or not.

Just a few days ago I received from [the] Treasurer of [the] Board a check for \$150⁰⁰, my December remittance and will have all remittances from now on made payable to Uncle Howard and will have him make them over to Howard (our) after my meeting expenses for my return to P.Y. (Seattle steamer, etc.).

Now if you can send an order on [the] Board through Mr. Genso for \$1000⁰⁰ of which I wrote you this last week - [the] account will, I think, be in very good shape. Make the \$1000⁰⁰ on "blue slip" payable to Uncle Howard (Howard S. Moffett).

One more item - please do not set any time for my return to P.Y. Tell them the "strike" is on and my movements are all uncertain.

My - but how I do long to be on the way to you! I think Mrs. Parker's bill was ¥280⁰⁰ but let that go until I get back to P.Y.

It seems an awfully long [time] to wait before getting back to you and my! how I do long to get there. Hope you got Xmas packages for Tom.

Lovingly,
Sambo
Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

January 10, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

It is a marvel to us how you chose so cleverly in all the rush of that visit to Chicago. The lap pad frees us from the tyranny of tables and lets us write in front of the fire. The Safety pins will keep us fastened in style for some time. Meanwhile, the gold ones provide a wonderful toy for young Thomas. They fill the void caused by removal from those intriguing Chinese coppers. The kleenex is new to us but will be useful. The foil-proof tape has been longed for long. The zipper was a first class idea, too. You will hear of it again soon.

Your Christmas tree blooms in August or September, you know, but you will receive a book pretty soon from Tientsin & if I can get "Omji" or any book of Korean folk tales from the C.L.S. [Christian Literature Society], that will reach you soon. I have not seen the one of Mr. Miller's but always like his stories.

We rather expected to get a letter from you in Peiping telling us of some things to get you there. It may be following us home.

If you use any of my suggestions that carry a promise of reimbursement, don't forget to let me know & be sure we shall be glad to make good. We do so want to do all we can to keep you well and comfortable.

Don't work too hard, Howard. You have credits to spare and can still afford to drop that algebra. You have done splendidly.

The very best and most exciting part of our Christmas was the pretty golden Homecoming booklet. Tom wanted to play Monopoly as soon as he could sit up and it is a capital game but be sure I didn't go to bed until every word and picture of the booklet had been digested. It is all excellent and the ads especially attractive.

So the *Tower* [Wheaton Yearbook] dummy is finished! Didn't the *Kulsi* [P.Y.F.S. Yearbook] seem almost finished when the dummy was done? I wonder if you really have finished the big job.

It was a good break you got, Sam, on that last exam before Thanksgiving. Good old Dante!

With lots and lots and lots of love,

Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

January 10, 1937

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Brothers,

On our arrival here we received your letter with a whole basket full of others which had arrived here and had been taken to the Roberts'. We spent all of Friday morning going through them. In the afternoon I had Physical Ed and then had my long put off haircut.

Saturday morning I had a stomach ache but went down with Moonsabang to get a package from Mrs. Stuart. The duty was five yen something. A little while after I got back I vomited again and then just after I had vomited again we heard a loud noise at the door. I rushed out and saw the postman with a big package. Boy, did I make time with the 10 sen fee for delivery. When we opened it we found all manner of tempting candies, among them was a can of fish candy. I wonder who could have sent that package. Thanks heaps, just in case it came from you. Later we got two more packages. Neither of them cost more than ¥ 10. The monopoly game was in the first one and also the stationery set which I'm using now in front of the fire.

The first thing we did after supper was to play a game of monopoly. It sure is fun. Mother thinks so, too. In the second package we found more candy and then well, everything one could want: a scout watch, a scout knife, a scout first aid kit, a billfold and a bottle of listerine tooth powder for me and hundreds of those invaluable safety pins and some elastic and that box of kleenex and zipper.

OH WHAT A CHRISTMAS!!

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

January 10, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom,

Don't mind the color scheme. The black half of the ribbon is more or less worn out and Sam seems to have used up all the white paper in the suite on reports etc. - - so you'll just have to grin and bear it!

It seems like months have passed since vacation, but the little calendar up front here between Father's and Mother's pictures says it has been less than a week. And only two more now before exams. Those blamed things are always coming up. No sooner do we get through one set than it's time for the next! College just seems to be made up of extra-curricular activities and exams. I hope the percent of knowledge assimilation without realizing it is high enough to warrant an education.

Rain may come and rain may go, but classes go on forever. This is the craziest weather zone that I ever hope to be in. The first part of the week it rained steadily, then it turned to zero weather with bitter wind, and today it is bright and sunny outside - - just like spring. It almost makes one want to go for a walk, which is one reason perhaps why I persuaded Sam to go down and get a paper just now. Perry has beaten Vines three times in a row now in pro tennis, but after seeing both of them play (Perry in England, and Vines last winter) I feel sure that Vines is by far the better player. He's sick now, and played the other night with a temperature of 102°. I wish I could have seen them in Chicago last night, but we had a basketball game. Indiana beat Chicago by only one point last night too, which makes the latter look pretty good as Indiana has one of the best teams in the big Ten - - and big Ten basketball is as good as any in the country. Remember you're a Hoosier (as well as a Californian!), Mutso, for the State of Indiana produces the best basketball players in America!

Classes and basketball practices went off about as usual this week, together with Algebra assignments taking up most of my time. We had our first game last night, winning 45-26 against the Oak Park Y.M.C.A. here. They were the team that beat us by six points a few weeks ago when we played them in there. I substituted at center the first half, but got jerked right out again when I backed up defensively instead of advancing on the offensive - - something which he's been trying to drill out of us all week. But he gave me another chance the second half, and I got in about the last half of it. We led by 7 points at the half, but they made it 10-all during the first two minutes of the second, and it was tied again I believe a little later at 25 all. But about that time they cracked and we went on a scoring spree the rest of the game. I don't know what it is about my playing, but for some reason or other I rarely get a chance to shoot. I manage to get a bucket or two every game, but that's about all when it should be a lot higher. It's fuzzy. Learn to shoot, Tomato, and shoot a lot. Long shots, short shots, and every kind of shot.

Clid and I put on our far-famed, or infamous, take-off on the passport inspector on the Manchurian border for the humor number at Celts Friday night. It went over better than I expected, as we only had a few minutes to practice and most of it was made up- as we went along. I was originally supposed to give an oration, but they gave me only two days warning so I

was fortunately able to get out of it.

Saturday morning I spent four hours working on my cat. Our regular hours aren't enough to get all the required work done, and it's beginning to pile up. We're struggling with the circulatory system now, and it's mighty tedious work trying to trace out all those blood vessels. In the afternoon I finished up Monday's algebra, wrote my Celt write-up for the *Record* as usual, fixed up the room (which Sam was supposed to do during the morning!) and then spent some time with Carl Henry figuring out a staff for next year's *Tower*.

What would you think if I went out to Santa Barbara for my summer school work this summer instead of taking it here? The idea quite appeals to me, so I'm going to look into it. The Santa Barbara State College there is fully accredited, and has a summer school session, so it would be quite feasible. I wonder if I couldn't rate getting in without tuition too, as you're a Californian - - but that really doesn't make so much difference anyway, as the *Tower* will pay for that part if I'm business manager. That, by the way, if I haven't told you before, is one of the reasons I'll probably be going again - - not for the love of it. Instead of German though, it'll in all probability be organic chemistry, or possibly physics. Cousin Will is a doctor (one of his research articles on endocrinology was recently causing a good deal of discussion even over in Europe) in Santa Barbara you know, and I might even be able to stay with him. Aunt Susie says they have a huge house, and I've been wanting to visit him anyway just because of his medical work. It'd be swell to spend a summer there. I understand they have two cars too! There's nothing like a change, and I am not any too keen on spending another summer here. California! - - boy, there's no place like it, mother, unless it's Korea. I had it in mind to hitch-hike out there after summer school here anyway, and this would be just that much better. There are a whole mess of folks out there I want to see, all along the coast. But we'll see what happens.

Your tin of Korean candy is going down fast, but the hammer and chisel are still in use.

I guess you're back in the old home now. Lucky, that's what I call it!! But don't forget to write us all about China. Your remarks from Mukden were mighty interesting, and awfully glad young Mutso is taking to travel and being a real help. So China is a funny place, Mutso? Well, tell us all about it. We'll be looking mighty closely for your letters these next few weeks.

Lots and lots of love,

Howard

Dear Mother and Tom:

This has been a good week, a real blessing. Last Sunday evening I went in to the Pacific Garden Mission down on South State Street Chicago, the bad district, with Jack Murray who was preaching, and Eleanor, Helen and Charlotte Stephens, the daughters of the evangelist. It was a wonderful meeting, the first I've been to down there. At the invitation nine or ten came forward. One was a college graduate who had come to the city ten years ago, had fallen into a life of crime and had just finished a jail sentence of five years. The evening before he had dropped in to listen, had spent a miserable night under conviction and had been forced to come back and accept the Lord this night. Another had been a Sunday School superintendent fifteen years ago and had fallen away. Two of the men were well-dressed, others were down-and-outers - - they are all alike in God's sight. After the service we came back to the Stephens' apartment and ruffled up a midnight lunch out of the ice-box. And this Sunday out at Mooseheart I was dumbfounded when my Sunday School class corrected me on a point of Paul's stay at Philippi, and I discovered that the fellows are really studying the lesson during the week, which was more than I ever expected from them. They didn't even listen at first, and now they're studying. The biggest, toughest fellow of the lot has even appointed himself monitor to keep the others quiet while I'm talking.

As you can probably see, we've run out of stationery and are down to second-sheets like this.

Got in at two o'clock Friday night - - it was a mistake, and no habit. I went over to Dick Tallmadge's place to check up on my Medieval Philosophy notes, starting out with some home-made ice-cream sodas of root beer and ice-cream, then drifting pleasantly into philosophy. But we soon wandered off into a long bull-session touching on everything from free-will and predestination (Dr. Clark is absolutely Calvinistic) to ranches in the West (Dick's father owns some). And all of a sudden I woke up to look at my watch - - 2 a.m. I had to wake Dat up to get into the house. Tallmadge is another of the few Greek majors in school, and pulls down a steady 95 average.

First proofs for the Tower came back from the engraver this week, and they really look nice. The photographer is holding us up now by not getting out our glosses to complete the class panels, and we have to meet that deadline Friday. We just finished up our soccer pictures yesterday, the poor fellows had to get out in 10° weather in their thin orange jerseys and shorts. Two nights this week I was out at the home of Karl Rhoads, manager of the student supply store and our photography editor, printing up enlargements of our athletic action snaps.

Last night I went on the Junior Class skating party, while Howard was playing basketball, and beating the Oak Park Y.M.C.A. by a 45-25 score, or so. This was the team that gave them their only defeat so far earlier in the season. I had a grand time. The floor wasn't crowded, and everyone skated well. I escaped unscathed, but almost demolished Eleanor against the wall several times.

Elizabeth wrote us a nice letter inviting us back to Indianapolis any time we could make it, both

1/10/1937 - p.2 S.H.M.

for herself and Cousin Mary Kautz. And I think we told you that Uncle Azel and Aunt Alice sent us two lovely ties for Christmas, as well as some stamps.

Well, Mutso, how was China? They've had some quite exciting times over there recently, haven't they. It was fun to hear radio announcers mispronounce the names of the Chinese generals. I wanted to get in and see Perry and Vines play tennis last night, but couldn't make it. Vines had the flu, and Perry won easily, 6-0,6-2, 6-3.

A reassuring note, mother, should be the fact that I've bought a bottle of cod-liver-oil tablets to keep up my resistance this winter. Maybe that will make up for that two o'clock bull-session Friday night.

Lots of love,

Sam

Sam Hugh

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

January 17, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

The rains have been so wide spread that the mails have probably been held up. I am wondering if the *Pennsylvania Power & Light Co.* shares were received and if you have sent on the receipt for them - or you may have waited until your Sunday letter to acknowledge their receipt. I shall feel better when that has reached the final state and is all deposited in your safety deposit receipt box.

I am enclosing some letters from Peiping, etc. which are to be sent on to you. Tom has been having a great time "kookyunging" [sight-seeing] and skating in Peiping.

We have asked Henry Lee [son of his early colleague, Graham Lee] to spend next weekend with us and are hoping he may be able to come.

Am glad to hear that the *Tower* is going on to perfection. Let me know when you pay your fees, etc. for the coming term. I always want to know when fees, etc. are all paid up.

I have two copies of Jim & Eleanor's wedding photos which Jim sent me to forward to each of you. What shall I do with them? You do not need two. Shall I send you one? I sent one to Lucia.

Now that Lucia and Tom have returned to Pyengyang we shall soon hear of our Christmas packages having reached them there at P.Y.

May all go well with you. The Lord watch over and keep you.

Affectionately,

Father

(Samuel A. Moffett)

I have a Johns Hopkins catalogue which I will shortly send on to Howard.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

January 17, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,- Howard especially, here -

Your two letters of December 17 and December 22 both arrived the same day and did we have a good morning! Won Si listened in and patted Tom on the back telling him his brothers evidently loved him. She caught his name and nickname.

We are proud of the spirit and grit and brains you have shown in that algebra, Howard. I do not wonder Miss Brandt remarked on the achievement. As Mrs. Roberts says: "it's a real triumph and I'd like to give him a congratulatory handshake. Instead please give him some loving congratulations from Auntie Roberts. Mr. Soltau is with us & is so interested in all the Wheaton news." And here I have told you a number of times to stop if you were getting too tired. Your other grades are good, even if not quite what you would have gotten if unhurried. It is far more than I thought possible even for a boy who loves to study. It was done with God's help and has strengthened your faith, I know. By the way, I saw a good thing in George Müller today: Where faith begins, anxiety ends; Where anxiety begins, faith ends.

If we had only known your name was on the altar of heaven [Peking] or in the vicinity, I am afraid no scenery would have attracted any notice until those precious letters had been found. We would have taken a day off to find it and felt well paid if successful. And we didn't even look for a one-eyed ricksha man. Ours got rather domineering so we showed him street cars were warmer anyway.

How clever of you to take your lady over to the meeting before dressing. Annie is a nice girl, isn't she, and wouldn't mind losing half an hour when she had the rest of the evening with such a nice partner. I wouldn't anyway.

As for a letter, you are getting gyped this week. I have not heard any news except business but you had better ask Y.D.F. [Your Dear Father] for Tom's letter. He is enjoying your gifts. It is nine o'clock so he can not send you a long message - the short one that he chooses is "Tell them they're saps. They didn't send me an airplane or an auto."

How grieved I am that you are not to have a full vacation with Y.D.F. in Madison and a thorough rest. Have we taken too much for granted & not prayed enough about vacation details? Peggy, too, to go back on you [referring to their car]! How expensive is a cylinder head?

I am glad you don't date much. It is very unsettling. A little is a good thing, just to keep you in the way of making yourself agreeable, and a girl friend that can absolutely be depended on is a pearl of great price.

With too much love to express - receive it by freight, as they used to remark brilliantly,

Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

January 17, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Samsy Mine,

So your pupils know when you are absent a Sunday and write. I am glad you like to teach. One gets so many thrills in planting new ideas and watching them grow. Preaching must hold the same kind of joy only more intense.

Your stationery is really quite elegant. I like texture and heading - and above all the "Samuel Moffett, Editor." All these deadlines mean we can expect the Book before long and then a hard worked staff can forget cocoa and doughnuts and get a little prosaic but useful sleep.

Have I been sending you old stuff from papa's shelves? Suddenly I seemed to remember writing it all before. The C.L.S. [Christian Literature Society] does not have *Omji* but a book of F.S. Miller's looks promising. It has a title somewhat similar to Dayton's book but not the same. Perhaps I had better ask Mrs. Roberts before ordering.

A church home will be good for you and so will the talk to the Junior Church. You seem to be developing along so many lines. We must have a new picture soon, if we can't see you. I am asking Y.D.F. [Your Dear Father] if you all can't have pictures taken the same size so we can put in a jointed frame. Remind him, please.

Is Mary Lou sick in the hospital or taking nurse's training? And what about Mary Jarvie [the cousin who lived with them for two high school years in Korea]? Has she given up nursing?

That picture of you in *The Broadcast* isn't half bad. Captain Moffett - captain of an undefeated team.

The last *Record* hasn't come yet. I wish the west coast would speed things on. Mrs. Reiner is ready to come as soon as she can bring her baggage,

Miss [Dorothy] Adams is still in the hospital and Margie Hunt substituting for her at the dorm. Rea Allison is the only one, Howard, of that bunch who took meals with us while the dorm dining room was being built.

Your Uncle Azel sent Tom two nice books; a Life of Audubon he is reading now and one of short stories of American history. It is rather nice to get to work on the three R's [reading, writing and arithmetic] again & to settle down at home, though at first it did seem very empty. I miss your father more and more. As for you - the home can never be the same - yet God has been very good to us all. I wonder if we are doing all we can to praise Him. You boys are, I think.

With boundless love,
Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

January 17, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom,

It has been awfully interesting to get your letters from Peking this week. And Mother, that tie is really a beauty. I'm wearing it today, and thank you ever so much.

So tom has managed to find his way about the Chinese city pretty well, has he? That's fine, the old bum! Your accounts of various places in the city recalled a lot of experiences and things that we did when there. It was nice to have Paul Abbott there to help out. Were he and Laura [Phillips Abbott] staying there at the Language School?

Things haven't been going so well here this week, but that isn't what's worrying me nearly as much as the week ahead. Zoology lab has been driving me batty trying to finish up the work on our cats and we have a practical semester exam on it this Wednesday, though on account of a basketball game we have in Chicago that afternoon I may have to take it Thursday. Then our final chemistry exam is being given to us in four sections at different times, and three of them come this week too. And besides all that we have our regular assignments, classes, and basketball. I don't care so much about regular exam week, as I'll have time to prepare then, but I'm so mixed up now on my muscles, veins and arteries etc. of the cat that it's got me really bothered -- tho I guess I shouldn't be. I spent six hours working on it yesterday and three extra on Friday, have just about completed all my drawings and actual work on it -- but haven't really learned it yet. And only two days to do it in, along with an algebra assignment and two chemistry tests.

To add to that we lost two basketball games this week, and my own mistakes had a lot to do with the first. It went into an overtime period after they evened the score with a long shot which I should have blocked in the last ten seconds, and then when there was only a minute or two to play I missed two foul shots when we were one point behind and instead of being able to stall with a lead we had to fight for possession of the ball -- which gave them a chance to score again. Then last night we were licked by twenty points in Chicago against George Williams. I played every position on the floor, and was equally bad in all of them. The final score read 58-38. Pretty bad!

Dizzy Dean [famous major league pitcher for the St. Louis Cardinals] came out here for awhile Thursday to the football banquet, and I was one of a few hundred to greet him at the station. I'm sure he felt duly flattered!

Sam's been working awfully late these nights on that *Tower*, and I don't think it's doing him any good. He doesn't get any exercise at all I believe, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if he's losing weight. The weather doesn't help much either. It's sort of damp and cold, and though none of us have any colds it's rather remarkable. I've had several but have been able to get rid of them right away. I'm going to try to finish this semester up hard, but after that I'm going to get more sleep. These last few months it seems like we never got to bed till late.

1/17/1937 - p.2 H.F.M.

Letter from Father says he went up to Indianapolis the other day to get his passport fixed up, so it looks like he'll really be leaving us soon. He' going to New York first though for a few days I believe, and then to Seattle by way of Rolette.

I don't seem to be able to think straight today, so am going to quit and try to get in a little rest.

Lots and lots of love,

Howard

Wheaton, Illinois

January 17, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Not a bit of news this week, except that we got off about 80 pieces of engraver's proof yesterday. McEwan and I picked up all the panels we could find around the office, which was in a grand mess after the way we've been rushing things this week, shoved in everything else around the office and tore for Chicago. (Incidentally, I got messed up on the bus because I lacked three cents of the dime fare, and all the other fellow had was a five dollar bill) . . . that was Roberts interfering while I was out of the room.) If this epistle sounds disconnected, it is because the room is full of Roberts, Howard, Burt Jones, Willard Wellman and Carl Henry discussing the authorship of Hebrews, and I have to put my oar in now and then.

But to get back to Saturday - - McEwan and I caught the Roaring Elgin with a minute to go, tore into Jahn and Oilier's with our bundles, arranged to put in seven imperfect senior panels under the discount deadline until the photographer should make them good; then we ran for a new streamlined streetcar, heading for Root Studios to make arrangements there. On to the elevated with McEwan hot on my heels, we caught it just as it was leaving, and made the last Roaring Elgin that could get me out to Wheaton Dining Hall in time for dinner. As it was, I had to leave all the packages and panels to McEwan while I sprinted the five blocks from the station and arrived hot and panting and all in a dither just as the doors were swinging shut.

Just the day before, I had to go into the city with more copy, that time with Aldeen, this time with lush rush. The only hitch came, as Roberts indicated above, when we attempted to board a Washington Boulevard bus in the rush hour, and discovered that our only resources were three cents (mine) and a five dollar bill (Aldeen's). The look we got from that bus driver sizzled. We had more work to do at the photographers than we expected, and I was due to give the critique at an exchange of talent Arrow program. Seeing I couldn't make it I had to call up Wheaton to find a substitute. At least I got back in time for an after-Lit date I had with Ann Beckley. We went to the Camera Club's travelogue - - movies of the Johnson-Shippee Peruvian expedition on which they discovered the Great Wall of Peru. Ann lives with the Welsh's, and afterwards we went over there to raid the ice-box and play battle-ship.

Wednesday we made up a table in the dining hall for a birthday dinner for Tom Lindsay and Barbara Boyes (of the Scoville Memorial Church in Detroit) and Norrie Aldeen.

We played a dirty trick on Wellman the other day. Roberts and Jones got Ila Mae Payne to call him up, pretending she was Enid Dresser, and asking him to come over to the house and make candy Friday evening. Wellman got all excited about the date, dressed scrupulously and trotted over to Dresser's, but Enid had been warned, and when Wellman knocked Dick Dresser came to the door and expressing complete astonishment told him there was no party there. Willard still hasn't discovered who did him dirt.

Your letters from Peking are intensely interesting. I'll never cease to be thankful that I got to go there. So snake-eye Mutso knows all the alleys of Peking cold now. Sounds like the way Howie

and I used to roam around Rome. Strange cities are most intriguing. Incidentally, Tom, what patrol are you in - - you have new names now, don't you.

There were a couple of basketball games and wrestling matches this week that I got gypped out of, thanks to *Tower* work. But I can relax now for a bit. Mid-year exams are coming up. And in Philosophy I swooped far, far down - last six-weeks I got a 102, and this time I got all of a 63, which scales up to an 85. That is right bad, even though the highest grade was an 81. It looks as if I get my first 85 this semester, unless I can sock the final with a bang.

Church time - - farewell, with lots of love.

Sam

Wheaton, Illinois

January 24, 1937

Sam H. & Howard F. Moffett

[WESTERN UNION telegram sent to their father in Madison, Indiana]

SAMUEL A MOFFETT

MADISON IND

HAPPIEST GREETINGS FATHER ON THIS YOUR BIRTHDAY AND ANNIVERSARY OF
YOUR LANDING IN KOREA STOP WISH WE COULD BE WITH YOU TO HELP
CELEBRATE STOP READ DEUTERONOMY THIRTY THREE TWENTY FIVE AND
TWENTY SEVEN LOVE

SAM AND HOWARD

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

January 24, 1937

Lucia Fish Moffett

Dearest Boys [her sons, Samuel Hugh Moffett and Howard Fergus Moffett],

Last week was barren - no letter, no [Wheaton College] *Record*. An old *Record* held up in Seoul to have its cover mended, did come. It had S. Hugh in the headlines all right. Albert Ross stopped in a minute and saw it. He is thinking of taking it for the [P.Y.F.S.] library. We suggest to Mrs. Roberts that Sticky may want to remind him.

Several weeks ago I saw in one [*Record*], mention of a student named Milton Johnston. Look him up and find out if one of his grand or great grandparents wasn't a sister of Lucia Hull Fish and if the family doesn't come from Sydney, New York. They are double cousins, related both through my mother's family, the Johnstons and my father's, the Hulls. Lucia Hull of Angelica, New York married John Berrien Fish; Dorcas Hull married Milton Johnston.

Miss [Dorothy] Adams is still in the hospital and as there is a spot on the lungs, probably will not teach again this year.

There have been moonlight skaters on the school rink and no one seemed terribly put out because the moon did not function with especial brilliance once, or because he did next time.

I am getting so the evening doesn't seem complete if I don't open the "Homecoming booklet" and take a look at the happy boy who stands at the top of the soccer page. I like to send a thought to the other one of the co - s, too and to the business manager of the booklet. That is the one fault in all the pages between the orange covers - no picture of the business manager. Not a fault - it's a virtue, I suppose - a lack, rather.

Good bye, dear boys, - here's wishing you the best of grades, the highest of kicks, the most pleasing of dates (as often as is good for you and no oftener), the best of friends at school and abroad, and the most intimate communion with the Heavenly Father and increasing knowledge of the riches of his grace and glory.

From a heart full of love, but mostly inarticulate,

Mother

Read Prov. 10:1 this morning - a wise son maketh a glad father & - no, I was not proud. I gave thanks & you can, too, that you have both been so enabled to make your parents glad. It must make you glad to look back & see the way you have come and know that the God who has led, will lead.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

January 24, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

I hear nothing of floods & flood sufferers from your region but here and all along from Pittsburgh down to Mississippi tens of thousands have been driven from their homes by the Ohio River. It is the worst the Ohio has ever seen. The suffering must be intense in the hundreds of villages which are inundated.

We have just had a nice week-end visit from Henry Moffett Lee [son of his early missionary colleague, Graham Lee] and from Betty [his brother Howard's daughter], who came down yesterday from Indianapolis, and tonight we have a message from them that they returned just after dark today.

They saw floods and flood sufferers - not what they expected to see. The river is still rising but we are hoping for it to reach the crest tomorrow.

Let me know when you have paid in your semester fees, etc. At the end of this week I shall send you the \$40⁰⁰ due for incidentals for February.

Look out for the stamps on this letter. These are the army ones - the others were the navy ones.

Sincerely,

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

January 30, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Howdie,

Let's get the worst over at once - why, Oh, why! didn't you put on a necktie for your picture? It is such a good picture. You will spruce up next time, won't you? Of course I recognize where that unwillingness came from. I've done the same dozens of times and never realized what a wrong spirit it is until that vest and shirt sleeve of yours beneath your awfully good looking face made me want to weep over a precious gem partly spoiled. Let's reform and do what people want us to if they have any good reason for their wishes.

Then, Howdie, it was mighty nice of you not to want to mess up those ladies' floor but you must have given yourself a bad cold. Colds wreck studies, etc. Turn the case around. Would you have urged a boy to come in if you didn't think he should? Your reason might be that muddy floors are no great matter - theirs was, it just hurt them to see you uncomfortable and getting sick when they could help it. They could ask you to slip off your shoes [which] could protect rugs. I should have a policeman to help me get him in if a boy refused. Next time, smile your own sweet smile, ask what to do to be as little trouble as possible and sail right up to the fire. Dear boy, you're pure gold anyway. Take care of yourself.

The last *Record* tells us that now Sam's *Tower* responsibilities come to a climax, your's and your partner's are beginning. All power to you both.

A short time ago Mrs. Herbert Blair was speaking of Susie's studying in Lisbon and how the Portuguese valleys might easily invite nations to enter Spain that way. She went from here to Syen Chyun, they turned on the radio and heard it announced bombs were then being dropped on Lisbon. The Lampes wished they had not turned on the radio for that guest's comfort. I have seen nothing further about it in the paper.

Ex-Governor-General Ugaki of Chosen has given up his effort to make up a cabinet. The military party would not suggest a possible war minister. We wait from day to day to learn the next step. I hope you are following Oriental affairs in the Chicago papers. I see the *Record* is stressing world events somewhat.

Good for Sam to hold out for the senior biographies. I want to know about the people in the classes of '38 and '39.

More love,

Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

January 30, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

My dearest Sammit, [her son, Samuel H. Moffett]

What pleasure those photos give us! Just these first days I am humoring myself by carrying them from one room to another and setting them up wherever we happen to be, though at first I'll have to admit I laid them down and turned my back on them. They were not quite "you" and made me sore. Little by little, then "bigly and grandly", we saw it was you, only more developed, and developed just as we would have you. You have changed a good deal in these two and a half years. I am happy and thankful as my eye lingers often on the pictures and the pleasure is renewed every day. The snapshot of the three of you under the deerskin is good of all of you - only there's a word to whisper in big man, Howie's ear, methinks. Y[our] D[ear] F[ather] looks tired still, so I hope you'll get another just before he leaves. But that is one of the best we have of him.

Yesterday was Helen Bigger's birthday and Betty Lampe made a birthday cake here. It was a grand tower affair - four layers, each slightly smaller than the one below. They were supposed to harden a little before assuming the more lofty positions but the icing didn't get done until the last minute and the result was an unterraced mountain, partly sustained by toothpicks. Within a few minutes of arrival at dorm, no toothpicks would be needed or mountain be seen.

Exes [this is her word for "exams"] are over here as well as in Wheaton. Here's hoping you both have a good rest before the new semester. The catalogue seems to foretell Monday & Tuesday of vacation during registration.

The last *Record* was unusually full of especially well written bits. We laughed over the psychology class capers, the Gargoyle and the "native Californians". What other adjective could any Californian aspire to?'

The articles from the *Korea Review* on slavery and burial were so new to me I thought you might not know that Korea had no men slaves after Hideyoshi's invasion and how they managed to let women slaves marry, etc. Also that finger & toenails, hair combings and extracted teeth all used to be saved for a lifetime to be buried with the dead, etc. The subjects sound dull.

Send us the new schedule - evening clubs and prayer meetings, too. You have almost a complete change, don't you, while Howard has only the Sociology course to find a substitute for.

You will be getting up pretty soon to go to Mooseheart. Our Sunday is almost over. Dr. Roberts is preaching on D.L. Moody.

So very, very much love - words cannot tell it but thoughts can wing it - -

Your mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

January 30, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Sam: [his son]

Herewith a check for forty dollars - \$20 for you and \$20 for Howard for your allowance for February.

The river is on the wane and while the damage done is too great to be estimated, we all rejoice in the rising [he undoubtedly means decreasing] of the waters.

About 300 houses were evacuated, so it is said.

Yours with love,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

January 31, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Thank you for the birthday telegram which was appreciated. Let me know when my check for your allowances has been received.

About Howard's plan to go to Santa Barbara in California for summer school - I do not as yet see that such a long trip is really necessary. First of all, the feeling against hitch hike is growing more objectionable and California will not let people without money come in as they used to do. However, I will think it over and write again. Would it not be a money saving expense which would be a losing one. Santa Barbara is considered an expensive place in which to live.

Here we have had nothing to do but watch the Ohio River and pray for the rise to slacken. For four days the water has been going down and the river has fallen 4 feet. About 20 houses have been inundated and now every effort is made to avoid typhus or other diseases. It will take about 15 days to get the flooded houses ready for re-occupation. A few days ago it was startling to see a steam boat poking its nose up to the Brown Gym on Broadway. Other towns, including about 1/2 of Louisville were all under water. Never was such a situation. It made millions of losses to the river side and other houses.

Lots of love,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

January 31, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom,

I feel like celebrating some way, and since I'm not quite in the red financially as yet it won't hurt to splurge a bit on the red ribbon!

I passed Algebra! you bet, and with a glorious 72 on the final exam. I felt like crowing! After the exam I figured up that the most I could get from what I'd had time to finish was 73, and that wasn't much of a margin to pin any hope on -- but it was enough. Boy I felt good just to think that I was through with that stuff for keeps -- and oh yes, she gave me a 75 for the semester. Most people would be in tears over such a grade, but it sure doesn't have that effect on me. Now if I can lay Trig[onometry] for a loss I'll feel that I've accomplished something. Here's hoping, and I'm going to aim for more than a passing grade in that too. Even if I am slow as all get out I think I know my Algebra about as well as most of them, so perhaps I can make something of Trig.

My other exams weren't so bad, though I was mighty sick of them by Thursday night. Sociology dealt with everything but sociology and what we'd been supposedly studying all semester, but that really gave me a break as it put me on more even footing with the others in the class. I really did pretty well I think in the Chemistry final, and have the least bit of hope for a 95 in that for the semester. Comparative was hard, awfully hard, and I'm sort of doubtful if I pulled my wavering 80 or 85 up to the higher mark. I sure hope so.

We had quite a bit of skating this week, and a full moon. The athletic field between the tennis courts and the new girls dorm was flooded and makes a good rink. The only times I was able to go out was after basketball practice, and I was pretty tired by then, but basketball has gotten to be somewhat of a chore now and I needed the relaxation of outdoor exercise. It was a lot of fun -- until someone decided they liked my skates better than I did and made off with them. I only hope it isn't permanent, but it seems that way. I left them for just a few hours back in a corner of the cloak room during basketball practice, and when I went back they'd flown. Boy that sure burned me up, and still does. And besides that I had my leather helmet and extra socks and gloves stuffed into the shoes -- all gone with the rest.

Coach sure worked us hard this week -- not so much in hours because of exams -- but the time we did spend was killing. I felt completely done up towards the end of the week, but he just lit in all the harder. Personally I think it's tearing me down faster than it's building me up, but that doesn't bear any weight with him. I've gotten to the stage now where I've had just about enough basketball for one season, and it's begun to get monotonous, but one more month and it'll be over. You'll get to feeling that way too about some sports in time, Tommy, but try not to let yourself. It's bad, awfully bad, for you can't play anything well if your whole heart isn't in it and you aren't enthusiastic about it all. And don't play too much when you're all tired out either. That's when you learn all your bad habits which will take you hours of correct practicing to get over. Play hard when you play, but know when to quit!

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We won a sloppy game last night against an inferior team from somewhere. The score was 46-20, but we've sure got a heavy schedule ahead of us. Five conference games, and all of them tough.

Clid and I hitch-hiked into Chicago Friday morning with a fellow who used to know Charlie, and after getting us something to eat arranged to bring us back that evening. And even though he didn't live here in town brought us right up to the gym because otherwise I would have been late to practice. You sure meet some nice people on the road.

Saturday was so uneventful and I had so much time to waste I felt lost with it all. Really I didn't know what to do with myself. So beyond having a couple of committee meetings for Celts and Internationals I slept for the most part. Also cleaned the room. I've lost so much weight Mrs. Roy is going to take it into her own hands to feed me up. Beginning with today she is serving meals here for college students. So Sam, Dat, Clid, Sid Dodd, and the two Campbells with myself are planning to have breakfast and lunch here, and then supper up at the college dining hall. It should work out pretty nicely, and that arrangement will be ten dollars cheaper each semester too. On Sundays we have the big meal, dinner, up at college, and supper down here after church in the evening. I only hope we get big breakfasts. That's my hungriest hour now, as we have supper ordinarily at five just before basketball practice which makes us hungry and then don't eat again till way the next morning. That's an awful long stretch, and is one reason I've been losing weight I believe. Sometimes I get a milkshake after practice, but don't feel I should do it too much.

Sophomore registration is Tuesday morning, with classes beginning Wednesday. As far as I've been able to decide now I'll be taking pretty much the same course as before. Comparative Embryology has only one hour of lab though, with two of lecture (though the catalogue says otherwise) so that I'm going to take the one hour course in Scientific Art to make up my fifteen hours. Then I'm taking Anthropology from Dr. Grigolia instead of continuing under dear Dr. Cole in Sociology, but it was awful hard for me to make that decision. The other was easy and required almost no preparatory work at all, while Anthropology is no snap from what I hear. But Grigolia is one of the best and most famous profs in school and I want to know something about that course, so I guess there's no doubt but what it'll do me more good to take it.

Another letter from father came this week, but a day later than usual because of the floods. That certainly has been terrible down there. No letter from you, but I guess you were on your way home from Peking. It has been rather irregular since you left P.Y. anyway.

Sam's lying down listening to the radio, and I think I'll join him. I sure feel good now that exams are over and there's nothing to worry about. Next semester should be easier.

Lots and lots of love,
Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Dear Mother and Tom:

No letter from you this week. You were probably traveling and mail connections weren't any too good. Even the letter from father was a day and a half late, due to the critical flood conditions on the Ohio. At Madison, the water was up 75 feet; Louisville was almost entirely under water, and the river there was eight miles wide; Portsmouth and Evansville are submerged, and Cairo is fighting to keep its dikes up now that it is an island. The whole lower Mississippi is mobilizing for the worst flood in history, but they say the crest of the flood is past on the Ohio. The government had ordered the population for 50 miles either side of the river to prepare for instant evacuation, and there are several families of students here in Wheaton who have come up to stay after forced evacuations. It all seems unreal to me, these floods in winter, for we're having skating weather. It's hard to see how man can be so blind in his own conceit in the face of such evidences of God's power.

We were all set to play a hockey game this Saturday against a team from the high school, but it thawed yesterday, and of course froze again today. Our team was mostly from International Students from Korea and Canada. I lost my will power earlier in the week, when I had the choice of studying for exams or skating for the first times. I went Monday night, and again Tuesday night, with two exams coming up the next day, but my appetite came back and I felt good all week in consequence. And skating is only partially to blame for my grades. As I predicted I came down 5 points all around, and have yet to pull in a 95. Worst of all I took a 90 in Greek, which is rather hard to take - my Waterloo proved to be constructions, for the translation was easy. Byron Straw and Dick Tallmadge rated the 95's. My other 90s were in Geography, no excuse for it's a snap course, and in Philosophy, but there Dr. Clark gave but one 95 and I rated second. I'm having a harder time concentrating on lessons this year than I used to. Too many dates, probably.

My schedule for next semester will be pretty much the same as last. I continue my Geography, and Greek at the same hours, and I'm taking history of Modern Philosophy from Clark on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12:30. Then I'm going to take Roman History from Dr. Moule at 8 on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and have yet to decide on my other two hour course.

Biggest change will come in our eating. Mrs. Roy is opening up an eating place here in the Green Lantern for College students and we'll take breakfast and lunch here and eat dinner up at Upper Dining Hall, thereby saving \$10 a semester. And Mrs. Roy can cook, too. It'll sure be handy to be able to eat breakfast right here at home before tearing up to school.

I was invited out to Katherine Foster's home to play Monopoly and other games Friday night, since there was no Lit at Arrows between semesters. I went out with Paul Miller, and took Ann Beckley home. Mr. Foster was one of Charlie's best friends on the Moody faculty, and is a real grand Christian man. He certainly has been nice to me, too.

Howie went to town again in basketball last night, and Wheaton walked all over the Mission Muskies from Wisconsin 46 to 18. I was working all day on *Tower* to get copy ready for our third deadline tomorrow, Feb. 1. Dayton is all set to put out the *Record* semi-weekly. I've been trying to persuade him not to do it, but unsuccessfully. The school needs a semi-weekly all right, but he's going to kill himself some more doing it. Whatever happens, though, he'll put out a good paper, the old rat.

Eleanor [Soltau] tore off to Rockford [Illinois] along with Grace and the rest of the girls from

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her house to spend the weekend with Judy Carlson. I think I told you last week that I got a good letter from Willie Bigger recently. Sandy Campbell has gone off for the holidays to visit some cousins in Evanston.

Incidentally, I had my eyes tested yesterday. Howard's been telling me that if you don't wear glasses in college, you'll have to when you get out, and my conscience has been bothering me about that pair I brought with me and never wore. So I went down to the man who examined Dayton not so long ago, and he told me I had as nearly normal eyes as he had seen in a long time, that he couldn't conscientiously advise me to get glasses and that I should never have any trouble with them. They were very slightly far-sighted, he said, and charged me three bucks for the exam. It all makes me feel better, anyway, and he's an honest man or he'd soak me for glasses. I'm also due at the dentist soon, worse luck.

What are you doing for a living now, Mutso? Here are some pictures, of Miffett serving, and Roberts kicking off at goal in our soccer game against the Oak Park Acorns, etc.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

February 4, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Glad to get your letters about exams, basketball, etc. The last two days brought letters from Lucia & Tom and have been a treat.

They are back home in P.Y. and have got the Christmas packages. Herewith, some of the letters which they expected me to send on to you.

I rather like the new arrangements for meals and hope they turn out satisfactorily.

Here the river has gone down about 10 feet and people are beginning to return to their homes. Madison got off with about 2 or 3 hundred houses inundated.

Last Sunday I went to church for the first time. When you write next Sunday tell me about your dates for mid-semester vacation.

Affectionately,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

February 7, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Am glad to know about your eating arrangements and feel sure you will find them quite advantageous.

I am looking each day for a cable message from Korea which will give me my decision as to going to Korea by the 1st of May. I hope to go via Minneapolis and Rolette shortly after the new schedule of steamers has put on its new one after the strike is fully under way - which will be in a few days, according to the papers.

The Ohio [river] has fallen about 20 odd feet and the flood is over - but not the effects of it. A million people driven from their homes and for months it will take lots of people and money to get them back on their old or new sites.

I have word from Pyengyang that the Christmas packages arrived all safe and sound.

Let me know how much your payment to college, etc. required this or last payment.

Lots of love to you all,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

February 7, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Please get from Sandy [son of Edwin L. and Elizabeth Sanders Campbell] his grandmother's address in Seattle - also his father's address if he is living in Seattle. I should like to have the address when I am in Seattle if for any reason I may want any assistance there.

Yours,

Samuel A. Moffett

If you can get a time table for the Great Northern from Chicago via St. Paul and Rugby and on to Seattle, please get one and send it to me.

S.A.M.

Aunt Susie insisted I must have a new overcoat which I got in Indianapolis. My old one is still a good enough one to be of real value. How about Howard. If I bring it with me when I come he can make good use of it, I think.

S.A.M.

Wheaton, Illinois

February 7, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom,

The smoke has finally cleared for a few minutes and I'm free to bang out a few lines just to keep Uncle Sam's mail carriers on the go. I understand the W.P.A. (on relief) workers have gone on strike for higher wages and shorter hours, and it seems to be quite the style over here now - - thanks to this Roosevelt regime.

It's just a few minutes to ten and the reason this wasn't written earlier was mostly due to the yadong [yadan - disturbance] going on in the room all day. Mac Smith churned down from Lake Forest yesterday and most of the Korea fellows have been in here gabbing ever since. He just left though to drive them home in his model T buggy, so it'll be quiet for a few minutes. I took Schmidt to the *Tower* concert on my comps and then we came home and talked till nearly twelve when Sam and Dat struggled in from their dates. I was dog tired from playing two hours of hockey against a team from the city high school whom we beat 12-6, and then going over for two and a half more hours of basketball practice right afterwards, so I slept up to Church time and then barricaded our small sleeping room from all intruders and slept all afternoon too. It makes me feel sort of woozy now, but I won't write long.

I registered just as I had planned last week and classes began right off hard on Wednesday. The greatest discovery of the week was that Trig[onometry], at least so far, is really quite a bit of fun and I even have hopes of getting to like it. Of course anything that savours of math is to be avoided as far as possible, but as math goes I think this will be the best. At least I can understand it, and it doesn't look like it'll take the time the other did. That was what I had chiefly against Algebra, but tomorrow's assignment for instance took me just an hour flat. I sure hope my first impressions haven't been misleading.

Chemistry and Embryology are the same as the similar courses were last semester as to time, except that I only have the Zoology lab on Monday afternoons. Anthropology is going to be swell, and the prof. is mighty interesting. I like to study that sort of stuff anyway, and he just makes it all the better. Our dear brother Cole royally hooked me in Sociology with a lousy 80, but he's so absentminded he doesn't ever know what he's doing anyway so I can hardly blame him. And Dr. Mack gave me an 80 in Anatomy too, though I still believe I had just as much right to an 85. And the only grade I have high hopes for hasn't been given out yet, though we'll probably get them tomorrow. That's Chemistry. A 95 in that will help out. I'm awfully sorry about all those other low grades, but I know I can do better and will try this semester. I don't mind particularly getting some 85's, but anything below that sort of gripes me.

My but it was good to receive all your letters from Peking and Pyengyang this week. A whole batch of them came in, both from father and direct. Both of you certainly gave awfully interesting accounts of your trip, and it reminded us of so many things. Thank you for the book on extempore speaking too. It's a funny thing but I was just looking through the catalogue the other day and was trying to figure out if I could take a course in speech because I realize my need of it so much. Just this Friday at Lit I was called on to give an extempore on the topic, Song of

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Solomon 2:5 - - "Comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love". So I started the book Saturday!

The Voelkels were out to see us from Chicago last Wednesday, and as I was pretty free I spent nearly the whole day with them. We had a good visit together, and in the afternoon drove them over to Downer's Grove to see the Barnhams. Mrs. Barnham is the daughter of the Seoul Hardie's, and Mrs. Voelkel [Gertrude Swallen] knows her well.

Thursday night we won a basketball game against George Williams, the team that beat us by twenty points when we played them in there. We were gunning for this game though and beat them 28-25 in a pretty good game. Our next game isn't till next Saturday against Elmhurst, so we've got a pretty dry week of steady practice ahead of us, and together with the special services going on it isn't going to leave much spare time floating around.

how'd you like the first edition of Dat's paper? I thought it was splendid, and a great improvement over last semester's. Everybody else around here seems to think the same way too. It's great!

The eating arrangement has turned out pretty well, and the breakfasts particularly are good and filling.

Dat has just come in from his customary Sunday evening date, and I can hear Schmidt trumbling his sturdy buss into the yard, so I'm going to get to bed. We've put Mac up on the couch out in this room. It's really a convertible bed, so he's pretty well fixed. It's between semesters for him, so he doesn't have to get back till Tuesday.

Loads of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

February 7, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom:

Here it is the second week of February already. The year is flying past, and I don't know yet what I'm going to be doing this summer. We've certainly been enjoying your accounts of the Peking trip. You're seeing things Mutso, and remembering them as well, which is more important. Incidentally, just after we read your letter telling about the teacher from Missouri (?) India, we met Glenn Ogden, a cousin of Delle's whose folks are missionaries in India. He graduated from the place in January, and came to America up through Irak (sic), Turkey and Europe, making his own way.

Howie's establishing a habit of going to town in basketball now. In the game Thursday night against George Williams College, the team which beat us by 20 points or so earlier in the season, he put on a closing spurt which gave us the game 28-25. We started out with a bang and rang up a 6 point beginning lead. But in the second half they whittled this down until we were barely holding ahead by one point, and then old Miffett comes in, with five minutes to go. Right off he was given a foul shot, and sank it, a minute later followed it up with a one-hand twist shot from the foul circle, and then did the same thing in the same way again before the opposition woke up. Those five points coming so quickly took the starch right out of their rally and cinched the game.

A letter from Charlie this week. He's getting a bit excited this month over an addition to the family that's on the way. Marion wants twins, but he says he'll be satisfied with anything but quintuplets. It will be grand if Father can get up there and see the baby later, and I wish we could tag along. After all, Howie and I have never been uncles before. Father writes that about 100 homes were inundated at Madison, and the flood is the worst on record. But the newspapers say it's receding, and that it won't affect the Mississippi region thanks to the flood control measures taken after the disasters of 1927. I guess the government will do the same thing to the Ohio valley now, to prevent a repetition of this winter.

Doggone it, I don't trust Roosevelt any more. Newspaper headlines this weekend have been full of his proposal to increase the Supreme Court to 15, and pack it with New Dealers. I doubt if anything will come of it, because opposition is forming fast in the Senate, with men like Borah, Vandenberg and Carter Glass against it.

We broke a tradition last night by making money on our second *Tower* concert. Generally the spring concert is a flop, but we filled the chapel on 50¢ tickets, which is pretty encouraging. I had a date with Delle. The artist was Alberto Salve, harpist, and he was accompanied by an instrumental quartet. The man was good, and I had never realized what could be done with a harp.

More grades, and more 90's, in philosophy, psychiatry but I will probably get a 95 in Lit. My course this semester is as follows:

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
8:00	(Breakfast)	Roman Hist.	(Breakfast)	Roman Hist.	(Breakfast)
9:00	Geography		Geography		Geography
10:30		Romans		Romans	
11:30	Greek		Greek		Greek
12:30	Hist. of Philosophy	(lunch)	Philosophy	(lunch)	Philosophy
1:30	(lunch)		(lunch)		(lunch)

Don't worry, for I eat breakfast on Tuesdays and Thursdays too, although it's not shown on the chart. It's easy, now that we're eating down here at the house. We have a Korea table - - the three of us, the two Campbells, Clyde Allison and Sid Dodd are all eating here. And it's plenty of fun.

Skating has been good all week, but I've had quite a bit of *Tower* work. Played some hockey yesterday, though. I forgot to tell you my professors. Dr. Stone in Romans, Dr. Moule in History, Dr. Clark in philosophy, and the rest as before. Registration was a pain, and took extra long, since we had to go through a lot of red tape to get our one-meal dining hall ticket.

And here Mac Smith has been in the room all this time and I haven't even told you he's out here sleeping with us over the week-end. He finished his exams a week after us, and doesn't register until Tuesday. We went to church together this morning, and heard Dr. McQuilkin. The week of evangelistic services is beginning this Sunday.

But it's time for the evening services now. See that Mutso behaves himself. I'll bet he got sick on that candy we sent.

Lots of love,

Sam

Pyongyang, Korea

February 13, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Hello, Beloveds,

This is going to be a round robin if it doesn't turn into a dissertation to one of you "agin my will."

Mrs. Engel came in the other day all fluttered, "Have you heard anything about us?" I hadn't so she proceeded - not with some terribly nice thing about the children but to say they leave permanently next month. She was planning a trip to Peiping but the mission asked them to go this year because Mr. McKenzie, whose furlough is due, is needed to hold down Fusan station while two single missionaries who must go are away. That big house must hold a good deal to sort in so short a time and Dr. Engel can't spare a book or let anyone else pack one.

Bolling Reynolds Wilson arrived in San Francisco a few days ago and caused a big stir half way around the world even if he is only a few inches long. Even their outside man carries a wide, wide smile. Mūn will look well similarly illumined some day.

Mūn is taking work in the Men's Bible Institute for a few days from 10 to 12 a.m. I jumped at the chance to let him go but spring work will be upon us very soon. The ground is almost soft enough to work now. By the way, to illustrate the value of our B.I. work, Mūn was found just now mending a door of his own volition.

The stamps from Madison have been noticeably lightly marked except an occasional one. The Susan B. Anthony's have come especially well. Wheaton stamping is not noticeable either way.

Betty Lampe and Ruth Bell have been working for three hours making ginger cookies for the Public Speaking Class tonight. It is quite Demosthenean - first they speak without something in their mouths - then with (perhaps). Ruth is taking four Bible courses besides three others. She has a lovely face. Next year she hopes to go to Wheaton. This is just graduate work.

Miss Ketcham has been asked to stay through March. That is as far as her plans go now.

A paper is circulating to collect 15 sen apiece to buy a present for her 60th birthday, just passed - - - no, Miss Doris's.

The manager at the mines sent in an odd order. They have four houses exactly alike and insist on having 20 9 x 12 brown rugs exactly alike, a number of smaller rugs all exactly the same thread, color & size. As if that was not deadly enough, every window except the kitchens will show the same green drapes and white curtains and all the kitchen windows will have the white only - off from the same piece. The first women who go there will either do something deadly or go raving crazy.

Almost every day I have been tempted to send a *Seoul Press* but stop at the thought of

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how stale they will be in three weeks. You see the foreign news. Perhaps you do not realize how much Roman Catholic and German publicity shows & may not notice that the brother of the emperor of Manchukuo is to be married soon to a Japanese lady.

The budget has been somewhat reduced and the War Minister on account of illness has resigned and a stronger man been put in. The diet will not convene until Monday, February 11, or Kigensetsee 2, —th anniversary of the founding of the empire under Jimmu - was celebrated with considerable pomp throughout the peninsula. All the railroad men in Seoul marched from the station to the Chosen Shrine among other events.

The large bridal photos [of Jim and Charles' weddings] are nice to have but only the group picture taken in New York seems especially good of the people. That is beautiful and in all of them the dresses are charming. For a sick girl Marion [Charlie's bride] took pretty well but Charles and the boys were just worn out. Think of it - daughters!

There is one thing I don't like to think about and will not - much - that steamer sailing from Seattle next week.

I have not heard of any more disturbances made by the students but have not seen anyone. Feeling down town is said to be running high between the factions who want to buy and cannot agree on the terms. Mr. Soltau was sent for again.

Monday, Feb. 14th

Sambo - we just found your good picture this morning in the Hanover publication - and what nice and true words it says of you. I will show Mrs. Baird. Her husband is still remembered, too. The photo brings out that nice little twinkle in your eyes better than our other prints from the same negative.

[unsigned, but from

Lucia]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyenyang, Korea

February 14, 1937

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Papa,

We got two letters from you this week, and one from brothers. It's a happy thing for brothers that you're staying a little longer, but it makes us feel pretty gloomy.

Thursday I was invited to the dorm for supper, and we had Korean food. Boy! was it good. The ribbon's gone fluey on the typewriter so I have to resort to pen and ink.

Friday night was the Valentine party. Ours was in the parlor of the girls' dorm. First we played some games and then had an ice cream soda apiece and some cookies and candy.

The interclass basketball games are to be early in March, I think, and we've already started the regular practices for them. By the way, Howie, what do the letters G.F.P. and G.F.P. Pts. mean in the summary of the basketball games in the *Record*?

Lovingly,

Tom

P.S. The typewriter is working again as you see.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

February 14, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys: [sons Sam and Howard]

Valentine greetings today! As my last letter tells you of my decision to stay in U.S.A. and not to go back - at least for some time, you may know that I am trying to work over the problems of Lucia and Tom. I had a long letter from Dr. Holdcroft advising me to keep out of the questions in Korea and upon the cable message from Pyengyang, "Postpone"(and his letter), I have come to the decision to have them come here. That may take 3 or 4 months.

Two things in finances I want to know about. What was the amount you and Howard paid out to college at beginning of this semester?

Second: When did you put your Fixed Deposit amount at Saving Deposit and when will you receive interest on the same? Each of you have \$2000 on Safety Deposit. At what date and how do you collect interest for same?

After I pay you each \$20 for March, after that I expect you to draw on this Safety income for your future \$20 for April, etc. That too will also call on the income from Penn. P.& W. which you have in Safety Box.

Jim is thinking of coming here about 22nd of this month. Am sorry I cannot go East.

Lots of love. Tom enjoyed his Xmas packages.

Affectionately,

Father
Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

February 14, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom,

A letter from Father says that because of conditions out in Korea he is going to postpone his return for awhile and is thinking of having you and Tom come on over here. Wouldn't that be great! I sure hope he does. I don't know what we'd do with young mutso over here, but I guess we'd be able to beat him up pretty well - - and Sam could revert to pulling out his hair instead of taking it out on me every night.

Things have gone pretty well this week, and I've seemed to have more time for other affairs. For one thing I read the book "Twice Born Men" which Mr. Chandler sent me for Christmas, and then wrote a good many letters I've wanted to for some time. The difference between algebra and trig is quite obvious, and I only hope it keeps up. Anthropology is all that I expected of it - - very good. Embryology is difficult and takes a lot of preparation, but is interesting. And that makes a world of difference. I always spend from eight to ten on Tuesday's and Thursdays studying it, besides what extra I need.. After that I have Chem lab the rest of the morning, except that Scientific Art under DeWitt Jayne takes out an hour right in the middle on Tuesday. Boy that class is just one big joke for me, and seeing that I don't even pretend to know anything about drawing it's pretty much fun. Clid is even worse off when it comes to artistic ability, and we laugh ourselves sick at the results we get. I can still see him holding a pencil out at arms length and screwing up his face trying to get a proportion on the object being drawn. Jayne's a pleasant chap, was up on the fourth floor last summer with us and just graduated so we know him quite well and can kid him along with our ignorance.

But there ain't no justice in grades, and I'm griped! Doggone it, I can't understand it one bit how Prof Osborne could haul off and give me a putrid 85 in chemistry. Boy that really laid me low, particularly when an upper classman in the class who has a big reputation but who didn't do a bit of studying and completely fizzled a good deal of the exam which was oral got a 90. His six week's grades were both lower than mine too. Maybe I was too optimistic, but I could have sworn I deserved a 95 on the final, yet he had me down for an 85 and I know as well as my own name that it couldn't rightfully have been that low. But I'm so disgusted with all my grades now I don't much care. I'll pull them up this semester or know the reason why, though.

We won our tenth basketball game last night over against Elmhurst on their floor, 36-25. Our last game with them broke out in a riot you remember, and it got pretty rough last night, with 41 fouls altogether - - 21 on us and 20 on them. The refs had a busy time of it trying to keep the game under control. About two hundred folks from Wheaton made the ten mile trip over. Our next game is here against Macomb this Saturday. Two and a half more weeks now and the season will be over. I won't be sorry. Practice continued right on through the evening evangelistic services, so I never got over to any of them except for the closing minutes of some. Dr. McQuilkin gave some splendid messages however.

After the game last night coach was feeling pretty good so he treated us all to a regular meal - - steaks and all. By the time we got home it was pretty late and then the three of us got

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started talking in bed and it was very late by the time we knew no more. It had its results too, as I woke up about nine for a few minutes and then went back to sleep till 1:15. Slightly late for church, but just in time for dinner.

For the first time this year I didn't have any studying to do on Saturday, so while Sam and Dat were out journalizing as usual (they're rarely home, but as I do practically all my studying there I'm almost always in) I did some spring house-cleaning. It was unusually warm and balmy so I could open the windows and sweep to my heart's content - - though we had quite a blizzard last night. Awfully uncertain, this weather here. It took me five hours, but I swept every corner, took out and dusted every book and object in the room, rearranged the pictures, and generally did what should have been done three months ago. It's surprising how much dust can collect. Then I slept for two hours.

Except for last night I've gotten a lot more sleep this week too, and really feel good. And Dat is feeling better now that he doesn't have the night watchman job, and we're all of us getting along well. Such things make a lot of difference. He's doing a dandy job on the *Record*, and the whole campus is remarking on its improvement. It's good stuff.

Some of young tomato's remarks of late have been extremely brassy, and it is decidedly regrettable that we can't punch that out of him at close range - - but the time is coming you old rascal! Seventh graders can't get away with it very long, and here's hoping you come over here before many more days - - or we'll be coming over there!

Loads of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

February 14, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom:

It's Valentine's day, mother, therefore the festive color [red ribbon in his typewriter]. And here's the telegram I'd send you if I had a chance, though the company's 35¢ offer is really what I'd need, and then it would take more than one telegram. But we can console ourselves for not cabling, with the reflection that the arrival of the cablegram would probably be more of a scare than anything else. We love you, with or without telegrams, mother, and that's what counts. [He enclosed the Western Union telegram form for Valentine's Day and checked the message that read: "Valentine greetings to the sweetest sweetheart of all, my Mother"]

I'm sure falling down in Greek, mother. Every class so far this new semester I've made some dumb mistake, mostly in grammar. I have to tear through the assignment, and can usually work out a fairly smooth translation, mostly through intuition, I guess, but when she begins to pin me down on constructions, I wilt. Why, I can't even recognize verb forms, anymore. Oh well, I think I'll have fun in Roman History even though Dr. Moule is a stickler for little details, and History of Philosophy is real sport because I've already had quite a bit of background in the subject.

I've already had a full day today. Mooseheart, and finished the life of Paul, with Daniel coming up next week. Then back to Wheaton, and instead of wasting the hour between Mooseheart and church with trying to get the roommates up, I've discovered that I can attend Sunday School at the College Church. Dr. King, our *Tower* advisor, is teacher, and a good one, and I figure I'd better learn if I want to teach. Incidentally, I hope you give Howie stern reproof for missing church this morning. They've been placing full reliance on me to get them up Sundays, so today when I missed, they slept. Fine people, my roommates.

The evangelistic services have been great this winter. Dr. McQuilkin has a real message for young people, and his manner of speaking is so informal and human that it naturally appeals to you. In addition to the evening meetings, he has been speaking in chapel every morning, running rapidly through the gospel of John.

The library was closed after the Friday evening service, so I went for a walk with Mary Soltau, who was also foiled in the attempt to get in. Besides it was no weather for studying; spring was here a month early (of course everything is frozen solid again today, as is the way with Wheaton weather) so we finally ended up at the Chatterbox. And last night I was invited to a Valentine party at Blanchards. There was a gang there -- Don Boardman and Bettie Baillie, Tom Lindsay and Barbara Boyes, Skip Neuschwander and Willard Wellman, John Blanchard and Charlotte Chappell and Delle and I. We played chess, pingpong, monopoly and roasted marshmallows, and the basketball game gave us an extra half hour.

Which brings me to another paragraph. We beat Elmhurst again last night, and I didn't get to see Howie play, so I can't report how much he starred. It was a game away from home, but they say that there were ore Wheaton students over there to watch than Elmhurst could muster up, and we won 37 to 25, I think. That puts the team right up there in conference standing with three

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victories and one defeat in the conference.

By the way, mother, Adrian Heaton here at the house has applied for the job of music director out at PY to take Mr. Malsbary's place for a year while he's on furlough. Put in a good word for him if you think it will do any good. PY needs some Wheaton graduates, I think, and some straightforward Christian testimony. Adrian is a grand fellow, short, fat and pompous, but a whiz at music. He's president of the glee club, plays the trombone like nobody's business and can get music out of a coathanger.

So you're getting puffed up again, and rude to your elders, Mutso? The idea of calling us names because we forgot the airplane and motorcycle. Next time we'll send arsenic with our candy.

Tell Choisi and Wonsi and the rest, that the bridegroom's outfit they gave me caused a big stir at Junior church the other Sunday. It certainly has come in useful, but I wonder if they got mixed up and thought I was coming over here to get a wife instead of an education. How am I ever going to get out and see them, one of these years.

Keep sweet, Mutso, and lots of love to all,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

February 21 [?], 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

The past few days have seen the formation of the new cabinet and the proroguing - not dissolution - of the diet for ten more days. Until it meets again there will probably not be much more publicly announced. The emperor, in asking either General Ugaki or Gen. Hayashi to form a cabinet, has not been represented as acting on his own wishes but has asked the genro [elder statesman], Prince Saionji, who was so nearly assassinated last year, to suggest someone.

The February calendar as given in the *Seoul Press* commemorates February 26th as the first anniversary of that date. However, Gen. Hayashi and the Navy and War Ministers of his cabinet are said to be moderate, though of the war party. You have access probably to a number of Chicago papers. So much is happening of vital importance in all quarters of the world, you can't afford to neglect current events. Read *Current History* if the college takes it. I haven't seen a number since Miss Best left. The grocer's last notice says we are in a state of "semi-war" & can't tell what to expect in the way of prices. I am thankful Y[our D[ear]F[ather] is not here now but do so hope it will not be long before he can come to a quiet home. You agree, don't you, there is no pleasanter place to be in spring & early summer?

Tom and Jimmie Lampe are playing ping-pong for a change from Monopoly.

Where is a dress up photo of you, Howie? I am getting such satisfaction from both of Sam's. By the way, in reading over Margaret Woolfolk's letter, she urges you to visit Joe and Ersula in Picos, Texas. She doesn't invite you to her home in Louisiana because it isn't hers. Still, if you go south they could keep you overnight & be delighted, I know. In Texas they would expect a longer visit and there are other cousins at El Paso, etc., but you would write ahead and see if it was convenient.

Have you ever written to Marian Webb - Mrs. W.H. Webb, 924 McKinley Ave., Oakland? I was reading over a letter of her's telling me to assure you there was always a place for you both with them.

If you want Camp work, now is probably the time to apply. No Korea trip this year, I fear.

Dear, dear boys! How far we are and yet how near! I know it is best for you to be "on your own" this way but - Do you know something we could send Mrs. Roy [their housemother]? I am so grateful for those cocoas and soups, etc.

The atmosphere from here to you is dense with love and best wishes -

Always,
Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

February 21, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom,

Father sends up the good news that you're really coming to the States, even though it may take quite a while before all arrangements are made. That's great! And then we'll be able to give young Mutsu the tanning we've been saving up for him during the last couple of years of sarcastic brazony! Whoopee!! I wonder what that will mean for our summer plans, etc. I guess it'll largely depend upon when you get here and how long you can stay. It'd sure be swell living at home next year here. Tommy could polish our shoes, make the bed, bring Sunday morning breakfasts to us in bed, and generally make himself useful - - and how!! He can even clean the room once a week.

Carl Henry and I were definitely elected editor and business manager of next year's *Tower* this week, so I guess I'll really have to begin thinking in dollars and cents now. I wish I knew more about the position, but it'll be worthwhile work learning. I only hope that I'm capable of doing a good job on it. One of our contractors in Chicago took Carl, Norry, Sam, Bill Brosius and myself in to see Sonja Henie in the Ice Carnival the other night, and it was really wonderful. Even worth the risk I took in cutting basketball practice for the first time, but it came out all right. He took us to dinner first and then we had swell seats right down near the ice and the beautiful scenery and decorations. The skating was beautiful, and far better than I ever dreamed it could possibly be. I wish Tommy could have been there, but just wait till we take him in to see some hockey games next winter!

We lost a basketball game last night against Macomb 42-30. They were really a classy outfit, but I still think we should have beaten them if we'd been up to form. Alonzo Stagg, the grand old man of football and Walker's former coach, was there and everybody was trying too hard to win I think. It was too tense. We all met Stagg after the game. We've got two hard games coming up this week: one Tuesday with DeKalb and then a return grudge fight against North Central Saturday. Macomb's coach sent over word after the game that we were the fightingest team in the little nineteen, with more spirit, but we're sure going to need all that and more too against N.C. Sam and Howie Fischer were going to play an exhibition tennis match between the halves of that game, but there was some hitch and [they] played last night over there instead. It was their first time on the courts since way last fall, and [they] did exceptionally well considering it.

I was just thinking the other day about my trombone collecting dust under the bed. I haven't pulled it out once since that time last fall when I played up at the church after service. I just didn't have the time last semester, and now when I might be able to I'm always afraid of disturbing other people in the house, at night when I'd like to. Maybe I'll be able to figure out some time during the day when noone is around to start learning over again all that I've forgotten. How is Tomato coming along with his trumpet? Practicing hard? You'd better, or I'll get after you with a broomstick over here! And don't forget you'll always be glad of it later, even tho it seems hard and tiresome now.

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I'm enclosing a short letter I thought you might be interested in from a business man Johnny Wilson and I met on the *Carinthia* coming over from England. He went to work at the age of fourteen to help support his parents and younger sisters, and worked up from that to head of a clothing company near Boston at a salary now of five figures. He's very unpretentious however, travels tourist class, and believes thoroughly in the principles of the Bible for right living, even though I'm not sure just how much further he goes. We had some good talks coming over, and I just happened to send him a Christmas card with a short note and received this in reply. So I answered it the other day, and thought you might be interested in reading this.

Mrs. Roy is giving us grand meals here and I'm already beginning to feel more "fed up". I guess there's no fear of getting fat though.

Good grief! I forgot to even mention the biggest news of the week. Uncle Howard! Boy, that's what I am now, and even young Mutt is Uncle Tom. Yes sir, and it gives one quite a sense of importance just to contemplate it. I hope we can get up to see the youngster this Easter vacation. Alice Louise is a pretty name too. Alice was what you were going to call me wasn't it, if I had been a girl? Golly that was a close escape!

Lots and Lots of love,

Howard

The

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

1938

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor

NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

Tower

Wheaton, Illinois

February 22, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Mother and Tom:

Well, Mutso - how does it feel to be an uncle? I guess you'll have to behave from now on lest Alice Louise be led astray by tales of your wild doings. It's a bit tricky though, having a niece - what does one do with one? Maybe during Easter vacation we'll be able to get up to Rolette with father and pass judgment on this latest addition to the tribe.

I went over to North Central with Howie Fischer to practice for the exhibition match we were to play between halves of the North Central game next week, but they made us stay and play that evening at the North Central - Armour game. We agreed only on condition that we quit at 7:50 sharp so we could get back for part of the Wheaton-Macomb game. We didn't do so badly, considering that they can practice all winter - we lost the first set 6-2, and stopped the second at 8-8, in time to dash home. But in spite of all our trouble we lost the game 42-30. It did me good to listen to the man who sat next to me - I don't know him, but every time coach took Howie out he'd wax highly indignant and mutter about how that Moffett boy was the whole team. I agreed.

Saturday was our first printer's deadline. I guess I'll be taking the copy in to the city tomorrow.

Thursday night Don Suttie took us in to see Sonja Heine, three times Olympic champion, skate at the Carnival. We sure had swell seats, and I've never seen such ice skating. The stadium was sold-out before the first performance for all four nights.

The Washington Banquet, swankiest college affair, came off Friday night, but I figured I could afford to miss it and save the \$5 or so. And besides there was work to do in the *Tower* office.

Father got us all excited last week by hinting that you and Tom may be coming over before long. When will that cease to be rumor? Make it right soon. Boy, that'd be great to get the family together again for a while. Anyway, we're still hoping.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

February 24, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Have just received the following cable message from Pyengyang - "Heijo, Feb'y 23, 1937. Moffett Madison Indiana Mrs. Moffett needing rest sailing immediately with Tommy expecting to return with you after few months Blair Bigger", which of course means I go to San Francisco to meet her at the dock and that I must plan for a house in southern California in which we can keep house until we get ourselves permanently settled.

I shall cut out any plans for seeing Jim & Charles (including the "grandchild" and Marion) and shall by about the 10th of March be in San Francisco. Will let you know shortly what my plans are and when I will be with you for a day - two - or three. I shall probably go by Penn-Lines to Chicago and from Chicago to San Francisco, checking my suitcase from Chicago to San Francisco. Will write you later.

I am enclosing a check for forty three dollars of which \$3⁰⁰ goes to Howard to make up the amount of \$203⁰⁰ which he paid out to the college for 2nd semester dues, etc. The other forty is to be divided between you for your allowance for March.

I think you had better take your safety deposit book to the bank and have them enter up the interest due you and have the interest credited to you on your current account. That you can draw on for meeting the April allowances.

I shall hope we can make arrangements for both of you to come to California for a part of the summer - but as yet we do not know just what we are to tackle and will see as the months go by. Let me know that you receive the check.

Lovingly,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

February 25, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Miss Fortin:

You will be interested to know of Lucia's movements. Yesterday I received a cable message from Pyenyang as follows: -

Mrs. Moffett needing rest sailing immediately with Tommy expecting to return with you after few months

Blair Bigger

That means I will plan to meet her as her steamer arrives S[an] Fran[cisco] somewhere between March 10 to 20th. Do not know as yet what steamer she will come on. I am planning to get a house in Southern Calif[ornia] - possibly in Monrovia where Alice's friend, Mrs. Brodhead, now resides.

I have been here at my brother's for some 4 months trying to recuperate from a sun-stroke. I am very much better, and am hoping we all of us may get a good rest in S[outhern] Calif[ornia].

With kindest regards -

Sincerely,

Samuel A. Moffett

(From the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

February 25, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Please find out for me from the ticket agent at Wheaton whether I can buy at Wheaton a ticket (clergy permit) through to San Francisco - checking baggage through from Wheaton to San Francisco and can also buy sleeping car accommodation (tourist rate).

If I can get these at Wheaton I shall bring my luggage from Penn Station [Chicago] to Wheaton and get all my tickets, etc. there.

What about having one of you meet me in Penn. Station and see me across to Wheaton? Will let you know when I shall leave here - but rather think I will leave from here to you on 9:27 Penn train at Columbus and arrive at Chicago at 3:00 p.m.

Yours sincerely,

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

February 28, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Please attend to this at once for I must know in a few days what I can depend upon in buying of tickets, etc.

Ask of the agent at Wheaton whether the train for San Francisco on Northwestern stops at Wheaton and whether he can sell me for that train a ticket through to San Francisco taking on my baggage there and also selling me a Pullman berth (tourist rate) through to San Francisco. My ticket will call for clergy permit.

How long does the train stop at Wheaton? Are there two trains to San Francisco? If so, at what time do they leave Wheaton and at what time do they reach San Francisco? Let me know definitely about each of these questions.

I may be coming to Wheaton on next Saturday, the 6th of March but will let you know. I want one of you to meet the train - Penn Line when I arrive.

Today is Jim's birthday. Snow every day here now.

Lovingly,

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyongyang, Korea

probably February 28, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Bubbies,

No letter from you yet dated January 7th but the day after Y.D.F.'s [Your Dear Father's] of that date came, the letters of all three of you dated November 30th.

We could absolutely see you all and the turkey. I am sorry the Christmas vacation is to be short.

Many many many thanks for your good letters and more love still.

[from an added MEMO attached]:

Aren't we proud of our Sam Boy - getting into the Students' "Who's Who"! And he only a junior, too. And quite as proud of Howie getting down to grips with that algebra by sheer hard work and determination, and actually coming off victor! That certainly is a great achievement.

[outside envelope addressed in Tom's handwriting]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Madison, Indiana

March 5, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

On the 3rd I received the following cablegram from Pyengyang:

"Mrs. Moffett Tommy Miss Myers arriving San Francisco Hoover March twenty fourth Blair."

Miss Myers is the nurse in hospital and whether she is coming to look after Lucia or has other reasons - we do not know.

Pray that there may be no sickness. Letters dated February 13th from Pyengyang make no mention of any sickness. I shall go to San Francisco to meet the dock as the Hoover comes in.

Here also some letters to be sent you [enclosed].

Lucia will probably take the steamer on Monday at Kobe.

Hastily, but with fervent prayer for Lucia,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

Madison, Indiana

March 5, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Miss Fortin:

A cablegram from Pyengyang says: "Mrs. Moffett Tommy Miss Myers arriving San Francisco Hoover March twenty-fourth ----- Blair"

Miss Myers is a nurse. It looks as though she is accompanying Mrs. M. whom I fear is sick.

Letters dated Feb'y. 13th speak of no illness.

I shall meet Hoover at dock on twenty-fourth. Pray that no sickness is involved.

Sincerely,

Samuel A. Moffett

(From the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Chungju, Korea
and
Pyongyang, Korea

March 7, 1937

Evelyn M. Roberts

Dear Dr. Moffett,

I know how startled and disappointed you must have been to receive the message not to return to Pyongyang now but await the arrival of Mrs. Moffett and Tom. Our hearts ache for you as you are visited by this new and sore affliction that has come upon you in Mrs. Moffett's sudden incapacity. Yet we know your strong faith, and are confident that you are finding deep comfort in the precious Word of God, and that you realize the truth of Hebrews 12:11 "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them that are exercised thereby."

How we miss you all - you and Mrs. Moffett and Tom, and the older boys' letters! And we miss Miss Snook, and Miss Best and Mr. McMurtrie and the Robbs, and now the Engels are going this month, and next summer the Reynolds! Our hearts would be very heavy were it not for that "Blessed Hope" which I know also buoys you up - Indeed your persistent hopefulness through all vicissitudes has always been the greatest inspiration to me, and to all of us, and I know God will not fail to supply you even to the end of the journey with all the faith, and hope and courage that you need to face every trial. Poor Dr. Blair has felt all along that your mantle fell upon his shoulders and he was greatly burdened all thru the Autumn, but in the Winter there came a change and I think I know the secret, - he had learned obedience by the things which he suffered, and determined to cast the burdens fully upon the Lord. And this is how I know: During the week of prayer the first of January, one day when Dr. Blair was leading (and, incidentally, his meeting was the best of the series!) he suddenly asked "What was that hymn Dr. Moffett used to call for in our prayer meetings so much?" And when we reminded him that it was "Blessed Assurance", he said: "Let's sing that". And we did - and it was manifest to me at least, that Dr. Blair was thinking of you, and of your assurance and that he was deriving courage and inspiration from that hymn after your very manner. So you see, you have not left our midst altogether, by any means. Your exalted living, and high ideals and standards are constantly before us and thousands of times we hear your voice in fatherly exhortation, and in our station activities I believe we strive even harder, in your absence, to carry on in a manner that will be pleasing to you, and the great Master whom you have so faithfully served - Yes, you are greatly beloved, and greatly missed. But we would be selfish to want you back now - at your age, the burden would be too crushing, I am afraid. We have not sufficiently shielded dear Lucia from the burdens. She was outwardly so heroic. We knew nothing of the inward struggle. We do hope and pray that a change of climate and a physical building up will restore her accustomed strength of mind, also, and that the dear Shepherd will lead you both the rest of the way beside the still waters and through peaceful meadows. You have both fought a good fight, and we praise God for permitting us so long to march in the ranks with such loyal followers. We commit you now to the blessed and altogether gracious Father, until He shall permit us to meet again, whether in California or Canaan - He knows, and He arranges, and His will is good and perfect.

Stacy joins me in much love to you and yours and in the prayer for God's favoring smile

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upon you, his own dear children. I began this letter in Chungju, whither I went to be with Gene [her daughter Eugenia Roberts Clark] during Allen's absence in Sinpin, and to welcome with her a little daughter, Dorothy Evelyn - a prize baby - healthy and pretty and well-behaved. I returned to Pyenyang March 10th - seminary Commencement day, and so missed seeing those 39 fine graduates bow over their diplomas. Your presence was missed far more than mine, however. But we thank God that your prayers still ascend in behalf of the seminary, and of us all.

We are so glad to hear of your great improvement in health, and hope you will feel strong enough to write us a little bulletin once in a while - you don't know how it would comfort and cheer us!

Most cordially your friend,

Evelyn M. Roberts

Madison, Indiana

March 7, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

I am in a great quandary and will rest on the Lord for guidance. Whether Lucia is sick and Miss Myers is coming on her account I do not know. Am hoping mail tomorrow may bring us some news.

In my message to you did I give the whole message or not? This is what came by cablegram:

"Mrs. Moffett Tommy Miss Myers arriving San Francisco Hoover March
twenty fourth Blair"

I will of course plan to be in San Francisco to meet the *President Hoover* on March 24. I shall probably leave here on 18th and will probably have to leave on Sunday, much as I regret to do so. Will write you again. Keep on praying.

I have a letter from Cousin Emma saying she had letters from both of you. Am glad of that.

Do not forget to write about your returns on "Saving Account".

Affectionately,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

Madison, Indiana

March 14, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Was glad to get the belated letter which Sam found he had not mailed. I did not worry but wondered what had happened.

Yesterday I received a letter from Mother and there was no indication of "sickness" therein. It was dated February 18th. In it she begins to mention some things which she will bring with her if she follows Dr. Bigger & Dr. Smith's ideas.

I also received from Mrs. Brodhead a letter telling me she has engaged a house at Monrovia which I expect to use as our "keeping house plant" after mother and Tom have arrived.

Now as for plans - I expect to leave here next Thursday by bus to Columbus, Indiana where I take the Pennsylvania line to Chicago, arriving there at 3:00 p.m., where I expect to meet either one of you. There I shall want to get my suitcase from the baggage car and take it with us to Wheaton. I shall want to stay until the night train on Saturday which I will take through to San Francisco.

Make sure in advance that I can get railroad clergy permit from Wheaton to San Francisco including sleeper through to San Francisco and that the train will stop at Wheaton for me. I will talk over affairs when I see you.

We have had two earthquake shocks here - distinct but no damage done. Just now we have a heavy fall of snow - so heavy that we are not going to church today.

Am glad Howard is over his basketball games and can rest up a little. I am glad your *Tower* is coming on all right [Sam] and you can afford to drop down a few points in your class standing.

If you do not get any further word from me understand I will look for you at Penn. Line on next Thursday.

I do hope and trust that Lucia is not sick and that all goes well with us at San Francisco.

With lots of love,

Affectionately,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

March 14, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Father,

We have received your letter and card during the week and are expecting you to arrive here this Thursday afternoon then. One of us will meet you at the Penn Station in Chicago if you let us know what train to meet. We'll try to have the room looking respectable for you, but it's pretty hard with Sam & Dat here!!

If you leave here Sunday evening on the through train you will arrive in San Francisco about breakfast time Wednesday morning. I believe that's what I wrote you before. I know the times I gave you were correct anyway. The *President Hoover* should dock the same day.

This has been a hard week here with all our six weeks exams, but it's all over now. I believe I came out fairly well in mine, as I've been studying pretty hard lately. I have a good deal more time for it now that basketball is over.

Sam seems to be spending all his time on the *Tower*, and from all reports is doing a splendid job.

My, but it will be great to see Mother and Tom again!

I won't write any more now as we will soon be able to talk over things.

By the way, my interest on the \$2000 account I have in the bank amounted to \$12.⁰⁰ when I had it figured up a while ago.

Lovingly,

Howard

I had my teeth examined the other day, and must have \$14⁰⁰ worth of work done on them. Not so good.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

March 14, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Father:-

We are eagerly expecting you here Thursday as you head for the Pacific Coast. And I'm glad you can be with us for the week-end. And Mother and Tom will be landing in only ten days! I guess Tom will be huge now, compared with what he was when I saw him last.

These weeks are pretty full with *Tower* work. I think I told you about my first semester grade - - average 91.15, rank 11 in class of 210, which is not as good as it might be. My six weeks exams for this semester have not been so bad, though. In Roman History I got a 96 on the test.

Did I tell you how good Dr. Holdcroft was to us? We had sent him just a Christmas card, and back this week comes a check for \$5 made out to me. He asked us to use it for all Wheaton Korea Kids, so we figured that there were ten genuine Korea Kids here, not counting the China flees - and that gives us 50¢ a piece for some party.

By the way, there's a *Tower* skating party on Thursday night which, since I'm editor I don't suppose I ought to cut. But you'll probably want to go to bed early, anyway.

Have you heard anything from Charles about the baby? I guess Marion is feeling well again, now.

We're looking for you Thursday.

Lots of love,

Sam

[The China "flees" he refers to were students at Pyongyang Foreign School whose parents were missionaries in China, but who sent their children to school in Korea]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

March 21, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Home of Discord (when Sam & Dat are in)

Dear Tommy,

Well, you ol' socks - at last we'll have a chance to make up for lost time. I suppose you've forgotten what it's like to take orders from your elder brothers, but you'll soon learn! And how!

Boy, that was sure good news when we heard you were coming over. I bet the trip over on the *Hoover* gave you a good thrill, and you're sure due for some more over here. Just wait till we get hold of you and can show you around. Los Angeles and its vicinity will be a swell place this summer to mess around if we're all there. Particularly if we have a car. We'll see how fast you can wreck it for us!

We may see you in the next few weeks if our plans work out for getting out there during our spring vacation. Gosh, that'd sure be swell!

How do you like being an uncle? We'll have to all rally round up there before too long and see our young niece. Marion and Charlie sure gave Sam & myself a keen time last summer, and are awfully anxious to meet young "mutso"! I guess you're not so young anymore, but then - you at least haven't sprouted any gray hairs yet.

Well, don't eat too many milkshakes and ice cream cones! Try to leave a few for us out there on the coast.

And when everybody starts talking good old American English at you, don't go jabbering chosen-mal. It sure seemed queer to me at first to hear what everyone was talking about. Also the dollars and cents business!

I guess you're getting a good long vacation now - you lucky bum. Wish we could say the same!

Well, be good, and it won't be long till we can give you a good work-out.

Fraternally yours you old tomato,

Howie

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

March 21, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Mother Dearest,

These last few weeks since we heard definitely that you were coming to the States have been great ones all right. It'll be just grand to have you over here, Mother - in fact, now that the *Hoover* is already docking it is grand already. There's still a little matter of several thousand miles between us, but that isn't much of an obstacle these days. So if you don't come here, we'll be coming over there in no time - you may be sure of that!

If you take the house Father has rented down in Monrovia the chances seem very good just now of our seeing you there this spring vacation - two and a half weeks from now. Wouldn't that be great? Father will tell you more about it, but in a word we may drive some new Cadillacs to Los Angeles for delivery (with all expenses paid) and come back in Frank Wood's (they live in Monrovia too) car which he's going to pick up on our way out. We'd have four or five days with you then.

Father has been with us since last Thursday afternoon when I went in to meet him at Chicago, and we saw him off for San Francisco at eleven last night. He's certainly much improved over a few months ago. I wish we might be with him as he meets the *Hoover* on the dock!

It's been awfully nice to have Father with us here, even tho' we have had to leave him to himself most of the time because of studies and previous engagements.

Last night Rosa Bell invited me to the New Dorm open house, while Sam was with Mary Soltau, but we left a little early in order to see Father down to the train.

Everything has been going well here. My six weeks grades came up about five points in everything, and since basketball was over I've been spending every afternoon in the Chemistry lab trying to get enough ahead so as to be comparatively free for tennis later on. Trig. has stiffened considerably, but my chief difficulty is still slowness.

Sam has been doing very little but *Tower* of late, but hopes to be nearly all through by spring vacation so he can leave.

Well, Mother dear, we're certainly going to have some great times together before long, and I hope the whole trip will do you a world of good.

Loads & Loads of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

March 21, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Mother:

It just doesn't seem possible that you're in the country, and it doesn't seem right that I can't see you now that you're here. It has been almost three years now since you worriedly told me to remember my rubbers as I hurried off to the train and America. Oh mother, I do want to see you.

So now the whole family is here, and we are nine, no ten. By the way Marion hasn't even told us the color of Alice Louise's eyes. But Charlie is so tickled, he took a page to tell us how much she weighed, and cried, and that she's beginning to see things.

You probably know that Howie and I and Dat are planning to get out to California this Easter. The way things look now we'll be driving two big 1937 Cadillacs for a dealer to the coast and get our transportation free, and we're coming with Clint Youle and Frank Wood, the fellow who lives in Monrovia and has known Mrs. Broadhead all his life. Then we'll be coming back with him too after vacation. I'm worried as to whether I'll be able to make it. It seems that Howard and Dayton are sure of going, but the *Tower* is still my problem, and Earle Stevens, last year's editor, tells me that he worked hard straight through the vacation. But I'm really going to work between now and April 7th to get that thing going. I'd be sick if I couldn't get away.

My grades for the six weeks were pretty fair, so I'll forget them for a while and see what concentrating on the Annual will do. The grades were 95 in Geography, Romans and Ancient History, 85 in Philosophy and unknown in Greek. That was better than the first semester which gave me one 95 and all the rest 90. But I've discovered I get 11 grade points for extra-curricular activities, which makes a total of 40 for 13 hours - - more than I could get with straight 95.

Had a grand week-end with father, but it was certainly mighty busy, and we couldn't get in half the time we wanted to talk with him. He arrived Thursday afternoon, and that evening I had to go off on the *Tower* staff skating party, and the next day in addition to classes the printer and engraver both came out to see me. Saturday morning was a copy deadline, and the printer came out again in the afternoon. Then Saturday evening was the big formal open house at the New Dorm which knocked off an hour in the afternoon for the struggle with a tuxedo. Father squeezed us in pretty well, though. Howard went with Rosa Bell, Archie Campbell with Annie McLauchlin, and I with Mary Soltau. We left a little early, since father was leaving on the eleven o'clock Overland for Frisco. It's a wonder we didn't weaken and hop on too, but we had on borrowed tuxes and couldn't very well run off in them.

Isn't father looking a lot better? He is so much more like the old days back in Pyengyang. And the good coat Aunt Susie made him buy helps a lot. We are all wondering what plans you will make. It seems that you will live in Monrovia, doesn't it? How are chances for a family reunion this summer, I wonder. It's about time we had one. It's going to seem funny to get answers to our letter within a week now, instead of the month and a half wait we're used to. Anyway, here's looking forward to seeing you Easter, I hope.

Lots of love to you and Tom,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

March 21, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Mutso:

Well, you old bum, it's about time you got over to see us. What did you think you were anyway, sticking snootily out there in Korea all by yourself, while all the other Moffetts were over this side of the water. Incidentally, did you bring a tennis racket?

And you're an aunt now, aren't you, and must assume all the responsibilities that devolve upon that office. Aunt Thomas, Uncle Sam and Howard etc. - pretty nice. You'd better improve your table manners quick, though, for I remember how terrible they were when I left off instructing you therein. And it shall be your duty, mutso, to write to your brother and sister and find out what color your niece's eyes are.

At last you got your ride on the steamer. How was it - - pretty smooth? What I can't figure out, though, is how you are going to make up your school work. Are you going to take the half year out, the way Howie and I did back in 1928 when we went around the world?

What ever you do, there ought to be some way of your getting out here to Wheaton. We'll probably come to California this Easter vacation as I wrote to mother, but I may not be able to break away from *Tower* work that soon. And I don't relish the idea of waiting until the summer to see you. If you see Bill and Bob Clapham messing around out there tell them to come along too, we need them for the soccer team next year.

Don't let the California climate destroy your ruggedness. I'll admit that Illinois has its meteorological disadvantages, but at least we can never complain of enervating monotony in our weather. A little Illinois blizzard would be good for you after Hawaii and California. We can always find room for you to sleep in the wastebasket.

The red ribbon is just to celebrate your arrival, and anyway, it's Dayton's typewriter. Write us once in a while,

Comme tout le temps,

Sam

Sam H. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Stewart Hotel, San Francisco, CA

March 23, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Miss Fortin: (Postcard sent to Lucia Moffett's dear friend in Oakland)

I arrived today and find the Pres[ident] Hoover [a ship of the *President* lines] does not come in until Friday morning. If you had any thought of going to the dock I hope this will reach you in time to note change of arrival.

Sincerely,

Samuel A. Moffett

(From the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

On board *President Hoover*

March 25, 1937

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam and Howard,

I haven't written to you for ages, and I don't know where to begin. We left from Pyengyang about two weeks after we decided to go. As mother wasn't very well, Miss Myers came with us as she was to go in a few months anyway.

We arrive in San Francisco tomorrow morning but I don't know when we'll be able to get off. How are you guys anyway? Man it's been a mess having to study on board here. Another lousy thing is that there's nobody my age. I'll be seeing you some day.

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

San Francisco
Stewart Hotel

March 25, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

I arrived all safely - but also to find that the *Hoover* is delayed two days. Tomorrow will see her in and I will know just what to write you. You will wonder why I did not write you, but until *Hoover* comes in, I know not what to write. Will add to this in morning and send by airmail.

If only we can get all of us settled at Monrovia I feel we shall all pick up in health. My own health has held up beautifully.

As Ever,

Samuel A. Moffett Father

Friday a.m.

Hoover arrived. Lucia fairly well. We go to Los Angeles tonight.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois
320 East Seminary Avenue

March 28, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Monrovia, Los Angeles, Carpinteria, San Francisco, or wherever you are - - greetings from the middle west! We haven't even heard for sure the *President Hoover* docked as scheduled, and that you're now on U.S. soil, or rather pavement. You may not find much of the other if you're in the city. We expected to hear from you yesterday, but doubtless the mail man will bring us word tomorrow. We're wondering just what your plans will be.

Ours are pretty well settled and definite if you're anywhere in southern California for the next few weeks. All arrangements have been made for getting the cars at the factory, and we leave here for Monrovia a week from this Wednesday noon. We hit Dallas first and then sometime later pick up Frank Wood's car and make tracks for the coast. One of the cars is a Cadillac sedan and the other an Oldsmobile coupe. Pretty high class riding, that. We'll probably get into Monrovia sometime Sunday and won't have to leave I think till Saturday or maybe Friday night.

Sam's been working so late all week up at the office that I took his Sunday School class out at Mooseheart so he could sleep this morning. In the first place the car had a flat tire when I got up, and after I finished pumping that up I had to thaw out the radiator which was plumb frozen up. But it didn't work so well and it was still frozen when I got out there, which didn't help matters any. I enjoyed teaching the class tho, even if they were rather hard to manage. One of them started the ball rolling by announcing that he was an atheist - - of course just in fun. To add to my troubles coming back they gave me a load of five girls. The engine was steaming like a fire engine, the thing picked up some dizzy noises and finally I stopped about five miles out of town to investigate. I borrowed an old coat from a lady in a nearby house to throw over the hood in trying to thaw it out, telephoned Dat to inquire if it was runnable, piled all the girls into one last car which happened to come along, and then after hauling water from a creek for the radiator chugged on in at ten miles an hour. I guess there's nothing much wrong, but it needs a little tinkering with.

Things have been going pretty lightly this week. We've had some mighty cold weather and snow, but there's a good sun out now.

How do you like the States, Tomato? Pretty interesting isn't it, for a change? Boy, we're sure going to have some swell times the few days we're out there this vacation, and then a whole lot more this summer. I can hardly believe that two weeks from today we'll be out there with you. I wonder if there's any swimming this early in the spring. We can at least go down and tan ourselves on the beach. Maybe we can even get in some tennis. How about it? Well, write a good long letter soon and give us all your impressions of the good old U.S.A. - or is it so good?

I've just come back from eating and find Sam at the typewriter, so will finish up in ink.

3/28/1937 - p.2 H.F.M.

I received a letter from Mary Jarvie yesterday. It seems that she's finishing up a teacher's training course pretty soon and I guess will go into that instead of nursing. Another good letter from Charlie and Marion came too. Alice Louise is doing fine, taking after her Uncle H., and has already travelled about five hundred miles by car.

I hear Uncle Azel [Fish] is coming out to the West Coast this summer, too.

Well, I'm going to bed now for a few hours and make up for this morning's loss. I really have been getting a swell amount of sleep tho ever since basketball quit. Lights out almost always at ten except over the week-end. It's a funny thing, but while I'm awfully particular about getting nine hours if at all possible on week nights, it doesn't bother me at all what time I turn in on Friday and Saturday nights and during vacations.

It won't be long now till we can skip a Sunday letter or two. We're eagerly awaiting news from you all.

Lots of Love,

Howard

P.S. Cousin Cara just wrote and asked about you. She hoped very much to see you before you went south and wanted to hear from you.

THE WHEATON RECORD

W. Dayton Roberts

Editor-in-Chief

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Wheaton, Illinois

March 28, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

It's nice to remember when I write "Dear Folks" that you are all together again. We wonder where you are, and what you are doing - - perhaps visiting around San Francisco and Oakland, or heading straight for Southern California. We haven't heard at all, and can only guess. How do you like the States, Tom? Don't try walking down the middle of the street the way you're used to out in Korea.

I'm tired this week. I've had permission to work late in the office every night from Monday on, but I'm beginning to get pessimistic about chances for breaking away over the holidays. Man, but an annual takes a lot of work. All sorts of details keep coming up. But I've got a week and a half to go, and we'll see how it goes. It's not every day I get a chance to head for California in a Cadillac, and somehow the thought of waiting until this summer doesn't appeal to me.

We had a letter from Mary Jarvie this week. She is finishing up and will be ready to teach next year. She also wrote that Uncle Azel will be driving out to the coast this summer, and perhaps we could ride with him. That will be fun if it works out. I wonder what Charlie and Marian will be doing.

I did relax Friday night, though, from *Tower* work. I was invited to a formal banquet - - but we didn't have to wear tuxes. A fellow from Penn. Military College, brother of one of the girls here, Barbara Coughlin, is transferring to Wheaton next year, and wanted to get acquainted so threw the party for about ten couples. Mary-Carson Kuschke, his cousin, and a Greek major by the way, invited me. They must have plenty of money, because each girl had a corsage at her place, and the fellows gardenias. And the dinner, at the Open Gate, was plenty good. Then after the banquet I went and watched part of the Women's Intersociety Basketball Tournament with which our sister society, Bows, are walking away. Eleanor, of course, is a guard and starring on the Bow team. I'm a little cynical about Arrows' chances for starring in the men's tournament. And then I had to leave the games early and get up to the office - - more grind. The *Tower* is really fun though - - I'm not complaining.

Howard gallantly offered to take my Sunday School class today, and started out in Peggy right well, but soon had difficulty. Peggy froze up, and acted queer most of the way, and when at last he did

3/28/1937 - p.2 S.H.M.

get to Mooseheart one of my young cherubs startled him by opening the class with the proud announcement, "I'm an atheist". They're not always angels.

I think I'll get some sleep this afternoon. Remember, we're dying to hear from you and learn your plans.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

March 31, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Boys:

Your letters of the 28th came this afternoon and we are all glad to get them. Mother is quite visibly improved in these two days and I have very great confidence that she will improve from day to day.

We are established in our own house - not large but just as we want it. We have a negro cook who does very well, indeed.

The Brodheads have been of inestimable help in getting us settled. We were their guests for three days - Mr. Brodhead and Tommy sleeping on the floor. We are getting along all right so far as our comforts, etc. are provided for - but our chief concern is for Mother's health. She is in bed all day except today she went out on to the porch in sunshine and was better for it - for a little while.

We shall look for your coming. We can take care of you with a little crowding. It will do Mother lots of good to see you. We hope Sam can come also but he will have to decide upon that.

When you come bring enough in dollars to meet expenses in an emergency.

Affectionately,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California
311½ Wildrose Avenue

April 1, 1937

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Sam and Howard,

How are you bums? Say, you're in for a licking for calling me an aunt. I sure hope you get here, Sam. How come you guys have Easter vacation so late? Why don't you come a few days sooner so you can be here on Sammie's birthday? What do you want for a birthday present, anyway?

Abasynia. [expression used by teens meaning "I'll be seeing you"]

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

April 1, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Boys,

What joy to get news from you only three days old and what joy to think of seeing you in ten more days! Sam, I don't want you to keep such late hours on the *Tower* that the fun is all burned out of it, but how we long to see you.

I am taking for granted that Dayton will come to us, too. We have not begun to do more than get settled ourselves yet but there is plenty of room for all three of you here and since I am still in bed, a nice colored lady will get some yummy meals for us.

We have a wee little house but cute as can be. If it is warm enough we can set your cots out doors. If not, the whole living and dining room becomes a "dorm" from 8:30 p.m. to any desired time in the a.m. 10:30, for instance.

I am not really sick, juust have to humor my never too good heart which has been through a terrible strain - so we'll have a grand time. I hope to be about more in a few days.

These are still hectic days in Korea, I am afraid. My last blood test showed just a dark red jelly-like substance - no fluid at all, but I was not uncomfortable until the last few days [this last statement probably an indication of lingering confusion from the intense stress she was under].

Lots and lots of love and eager anticipation. We want you all three.

Happy Birthday, Sam, a good annual - the best ever - and a safe trip for both cars. How did you learn to drive, Howie? Thank fortune, we can depend on your Easter vacation this year. Next year it will be your hair getting torn [he'll be a senior].

Love,

Mother

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

April 4, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

It won't be long now. A week from today we should be churning into home port for the first time in two and three years. You'd better start running right now Tommy, for we're sure going to make up on lost time!

We're awfully sorry mother that you're so sick, but if there's anything we can do to help you get better soon you certainly won't be sick long. But we're hoping and praying that you'll be feeling much much better even by the time we get there.

Father's card and letter arrived all right and I wrote Uncle Howard a letter the other day, also telling him that our first dividends of \$17.50 each on the Penn. Power and Light Co. came the other day. It came just at the right time, too.

Betty Moffett was up to Chicago this week-end for a child's welfare conference, and Clyde Allison and I were invited in for a Sukiyaki with her and a friend of hers last night. Sam couldn't go because of that blooming *Tower* as usual, so I took Clid. We had a swell time, but got back late so slept until noon today. Mrs. Roy wouldn't let us go without breakfast though so woke us up long enough to eat it in bed. Friday night I messed around up in the *Tower* office with Sam and Dat till 2 a.m., and that's about what Sam's been doing every night for the last week or two. He's pretty much worn out, but he's got things enough under control so that he feels he can leave now with us on Wednesday.

Dave Mowry called up from Chicago just a few minutes ago. It seems that Wooster's Glee Club is on tour there and he wants us to come in and see him sometime this evening. So Sam and I are planning to go on in pretty soon. Golly, I've made more trips into that burg during the last month than all the rest of the year put together. We always hitch-hike at least one way tho, so it doesn't cost much.

Cousin Emma was enquiring about Mother in a letter not long ago. She also wanted us to be sure to stop in on them if we went up to see Charlie this vacation.

By the way, is Wild Rose Avenue in Monrovia, or in Los Angeles as you said? We take it that it's in Monrovia. We won't be able to hear from you before we leave anyway, and we'll be able to find you wherever you are, so it's all right.

It's raining outside now, as it has been a good deal of the week. Here's hoping we'll see a little of the sun out there.

What are you doing with yourself Mutso? Studying Greek? I'll have to take that out of you, even if Sam does try to rub it in.

We've got to catch the train in since it's raining, so will have to be getting along. Dat's speaking at the Baptist church tonight so can't go along.

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

April 4, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

We are certainly deeply concerned over mother's health. Do you know just what is the matter? We're trusting the Lord to keep her safe and a good rest down there in Southern California should do her worlds of good.

I think we'll be there to supervise her recovery personally in a little more than a week. I'm trying to unburden all my responsibilities onto the shoulders of some of my staff, and break away Wednesday. It yet remains to be seen how it will go.

I cut classes with abandon this week, and messed up my 12-weeks Greek exam. Hope I can get back in the harness again after vacation. We had a swell Chinese feed for International Students' meeting this Wednesday evening.

I was all set to go to bed early tonight and catch up on some sleep, when Dave Mowry called up from Chicago this morning and told me that he's singing with the Wooster Men's Glee Club at the Fourth Presbyterian Church. So we're heading in to see and hear him. We'll break away early, though.

By the way, Mutso, are they swimming yet out there in California? Or is the climate over-estimated. We'll have a tennis match the day we get back, with DeKalb, and no time to practice - Woe!

Well - California here we come - - I hope.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Kangkei, Korea

April 7, 1937

Richard H. Baird

Dear Fellow-worker:-

I have ventured to write and send you the enclosed memorandum because I am deeply convinced of the following truths -

1. That everybody in our Mission earnestly desires to do God's Will.
2. That God's Will may be known clearly thru prayer, study of His Word, and discussion among brethren in Christ.
3. That the present deplorable lack of unity among us is due to the lack of discussion of these vital issues.

This goes out with the prayer that it may not offend but may be used in some small way to "clarify the issue".

Sincerely,
Richard H. Baird

After hibernating in Kangkei all winter the writer recently visited Pyengyang and Syen Chyun Stations and was surprised to learn that the Shrine Question had not yet been settled. It was even more surprising that fundamental questions re the Jinja seemed unsettled in the minds of some of our brethren. In view of the great importance of the issue at stake and also in view of the possibility that no discussion will be permitted at Annual Meeting every effort should be made to understand one another's views re the Jinja [shrine] Ceremonies.

There is no difference of opinion among us as to the wisdom and necessity of being conciliatory and as to the fact that we gain more by a conciliatory and compliant attitude than by a defiant and hostile one. We all want to go as far as possible in complying with the Government regulations. The only question is, "For a Christian how far is 'as far as possible'?"

Opinions seem to differ on the following questions,-

1. Can we accept the Government's assurance that there is nothing religious in the Jinja Ceremonies? Does the fact that the Jinja [Japanese shrines] are not under the Religious Affairs Bureau of the Government General prove they are not religious?
2. If we feel that these are religious elements in the Jinja and their ceremonies can we nevertheless distinguish between the patriotic and religious elements by appearing and bowing before the Jinja only at a time when some specific ceremony is not in progress?

The writer feels most strongly that NO is the only possible answer to both of the above questions. His reasons for so feeling are as follows:

To take up question number one above,

- A. The Government's definition of religion is and always has been different from the Christian

definition. Therefore the Government's statement as to what is or is not religious cannot be accepted blindly by Christians.

To illustrate,

In the Government General's Annual Report of Administration in Chosen for 1934-35, page 101, we see the following statement: "There exist several religions of native origin though they are not recognized by the State as having the true marks of religion." The paragraph then goes on to enumerate the Ch'yun Do Kyo, the Si Ch'yun Kyo, the sect which worships Tan Koon, and others as being those which the State does not regard as being genuine religions. Certainly the State's definition of what constitutes a religion must be far different from the Christian view because our Church has always regarded these sects as religions. Their truly religious nature (from our point of view) may be seen in Dr. Clark's description of them in his book on "The Religions of Old Korea".

Furthermore, Mr. Om, then head of the Religious Affairs Bureau, during a conference with the writer while he was preparing his talk on "Present Day Religious Problems" for the Jubilee of our Mission, said that the worship of Confucius in the Haing Kyo was not regarded by the Government as being religious and was not regulated by his department. The Haing Kyo are thoroughly supervised by the Government but not by the Religious Affairs Bureau. Mr. Om also said that the Government does not regard Ancestor Worship as being religious and that his department had nothing to do with it.

Memo re Jinja

Thus it will be seen that the argument that the Jinja are non-religious because they are not administered by the Religious Affairs Bureau has no weight whatsoever. This Bureau limits itself to supervision of certain designated religions, notably Buddhism, Sect Shinto, Christianity. Therefore it never has taken cognizance of probably 90% of the religious life and activity of the country, nor has it even supervised all religious institutions controlled by the Government (the Haing Kyo).

If we unquestioningly accept the dictum of the State that the Jinja are non-religious, the logic of the situation would compel us to accept the same dictum that Ancestor Worship, Haing Kyo Ceremonies, Ch'yun Do Kyo, etc. are also non-religious. Certainly such a position is impossible.

B. Not only is the government's official dictum as to what is or is not religious impossible for Christians to accept, but most government officials seem to be completely at sea as to what is religious.

To illustrate,

During the past year in Chosan Kūn of North Pyengan Province in every township (tongnai) stone altars have been erected which bear on top a tablet inscribed with the characters, "Ch'yun Chi Nyong Sin" (heaven earth agriculture spirit). Before these altars all the people of the

neighborhood have been instructed by the officials to bow at regular intervals. Christians who have refused to do so have been browbeaten, abused, threatened, and fined by police and civil officials.

The writer had a conference with officials on this subject and received an explanation which was in effect as follows: First of all, they said, keep in mind that these Nyong Sin Dan (the popular name for them) are not religious. There is nothing religious about them. (This was emphasized again and again). We are engaged in a program for rural life improvement. We have a Four Point Program. Better rural education, better rural customs, i.e. inexpensive marriages, funerals, etc.), better agricultural methods, and last of all, improvement of the minds, morals, etc. of the farmers.

Now, they asked, how are people's minds and morals improved? The answer is, by the realization that physical things are not all, by the appreciation of the spiritual, and proper veneration of things that are high and holy. When the conference between all the Myun Changs and the Koon Soo was discussing this matter it was suggested that we select some recognized religion as the means of achieving our fourth point. We would then direct all our people to become Christians, or Buddhists, etc. However, the religions are mutually jealous and exclusive. To select one of them would be to win the opposition of the others. Therefore, we decided to stick to a non-religious program. Now, what should farmers venerate? Farmers owe much to the great spirit of heaven who gives the rain, etc., therefore they should venerate Hanal Nim (honorable heaven). They owe much to the great spirit of earth, therefore they should venerate Da Nim (honorable earth). Even with Hanal Nim and Da Nim however there would be no agriculture were it not for the spirit of agriculture in man. Thus in combining these three we have the characters Oh'Yuh Chi Nyong Sin which appear on the altars for farmers to venerate.

Having listened in silence to this lengthy explanation the writer thanked the gentlemen present for their kindness and said that without discussing whether the Nyong Sin Dang were or were not religious their consideration was desired on one point. We Christians had been given 10 Commandments by God.

Memo re Jinja

The first of these Commandments was, "Thou shalt have no other gods (spirits) before Me". This was an absolute command of God. In view of this command could a Christian minister tell his people to bow at a Nyong Sin Dang? Some of the officials present had never heard of the Ten Commandments. Others had. Having conferred among themselves, asked a number of questions, they finally agreed that a Christian could not bow and promised to give special consideration to Christians on this point.

This story illustrates nothing but that the officials themselves are completely at sea as to what is or is not religious. Can we blindly accept the statement of such guides as these as to whether the Jinja are religious?

Can Christians bow before the Jinja at any time? Can they distinguish between the political and

religious elements by bowing only when a ceremony is not in progress?

To answer this question in the affirmative fails to take into account absolutely essential facts. Remember that certain spirits are permanently and officially enshrined in the Jinja. When Jinja are completed and dedicated the spirits so honored are conducted in a special train and by special officials from the place of their original habitation and are installed with appropriate ceremonies in the new Jinja. Many will remember that when the Seoul Jinja was dedicated the spirit of Amaterasu Omi Kami was conducted by special train from Japan and that when the cortege conducting her from the depot to her new residence on Nam San passed thru the streets of Seoul people were instructed not to view the procession from second storey windows as that would be disrespectful. Having been so installed the spirit is permanently and officially there at all times. If any proof of this is necessary it can be seen in the fact that devotees of the Jinja come at any time, whether a ceremony is in progress or not, clap their hands to call the attention of the resident spirit, bow, and give reverence. If we were summoned before a monument we might distinguish between a time when ceremonies were in progress (ceremonies in which spirits were summoned and dismissed) and when such ceremonies were not in progress. This difference however ceases to exist in the case of Jinja as the worshipers themselves bear witness. For us to bow when no ceremony is in progress but to refuse to bow during a ceremony is creating a distinction that exists in no one's mind but our own.

If some brother who holds either of the positions given above were asked whether he would bow before an idol under any circumstances he would probably be hurt or angry and might refer to the Second Commandment. Such reasoning shows a misunderstanding of,-

1. The concepts involved in the use of images.
2. The meaning of the Ten Commandments.

What is fundamental to any user of idols (except the most degraded fetish worshipers) is that the spirit venerated is the essence of the whole matter. The image is merely a symbol, an aid to the memory and imagination. Cardinal Gibbons in his "Faith of Our Fathers" makes exactly this argument to defend the Roman Catholic use of images.

The heathen fully as well as the Roman Catholic realizes that the essence of the matter is the direction of the mind and heart in adoration and petition toward a certain spirit. Here in Korea when a heathen wishes to worship he may use an image as a symbol if one is at hand. If no image is convenient a tablet with the spirit's name written on it, or even a strip of paper with the name written on it tied to a tree or held in a cleft stick will do just as well to indicate to all that one is venerating that spirit.

In our territory the mountain spirit shrines are in the form of a little house with a tablet inside bearing the name of the spirit. Very occasionally one is seen which has an image inside instead of the tablet. The Koreans see no difference whatsoever between these and the other shrines. They are both dedicated to the mountain spirit. In one case a farmer happened to have an idle afternoon and carved an image.

Ancestor worship is generally described by the Koreans as "Oo Sang Soong Bai", (image worship). Of course in ancestor worship no images are present at all, merely tablets with the names of the deceased written on them. The Koreans however, familiar with the concepts of idolatry, grasp the essence not the form, realize that it is identical in spirit with the worship of images, and refer to it by the same term. Now let us discuss the matter from the point of view of the Ten Commandments. What is the meaning and purpose of the Second Commandment? The Westminster Shorter Catechism gives us Presbyterians an authoritative statement. It is, Q. 51, What is forbidden in the Second Commandment?

A. The Second Commandment forbiddeth the worshipping of God by images, or any other way not appointed in His Word.

The First Commandment forbids the worshipping, glorifying, of any spirit but Jehovah (whether images, shrines, Jinja, or other symbols are or are not used being immaterial). The Second Commandment forbids the use of images in the worship of Jehovah. The golden calf in Ex. 32 being a case in point.

It is therefore absolutely indefensible in the light of God's Word, and merely ridiculous in the eyes of the heathen, for a Christian to say that it is all right to bow to a Jinja because no idol is contained therein when that Jinja has been publicly, officially, and permanently dedicated to AMATERASU OMI KAMI who is regarded either officially or popularly as being,

1. The Goddess of the Sun.
2. The Deity who brought the Japanese race into being.
3. The giver of success to the Japanese armies.
4. The giver of rain and plenteous crops.
5. A national guardian deity.

Doubtless there is a political aspect to the Jinja, we would not try to deny it, but there is certainly enough religion in the Jinja to make it impossible for the Christian to bow before it. It is not the place of the writer to judge the consciences of others. If some Christian says that to bow before a Jinja does not hurt his conscience there still remains to remember Paul's teaching about causing a weak brother to offend. The writer however cannot close this memorandum without earnestly pointing out to such a brother that the criterion for our conscience is not our feelings in the matter but the clear teaching of God's Word.

Dallas, Texas

Friday morning, April 9, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

[Postcard addressed to Thomas Fish Moffett
311 Wildrose Avenue
Monrovia, California

3¢ stamp sent Airmail]

Dear Folks,

Just riding the ranges in a Cadillac - 'mid flowers and greenery, but I don't suppose that means anything to you in California.

We may drop in at Grand Canyon and have to make several other stops so don't expect us till Sunday night - maybe very late.

Everything's fine here.

Lots of Love,

Sam and Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Salt Lake City, Utah

April 17, 1937

Howard F. and Sam H. Moffett

[postcard written on their return trip to Wheaton College after Easter vacation visit to family]

Dear Folks,

Arrived last night and had a good night's sleep since. Good trip so far and we thoroughly enjoyed the two canyons. Hope you are all well there. Please give our best regards to the Brodheads, etc. Sorry I didn't get to say goodbye.

Love,

Howard

We're all alive and kicking and mighty thankful for the grand but too short visit home. Dropped in at Boulder Dam at dawn yesterday - and now for Cheyenne, Omaha and Wheaton

Love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Ames, Iowa

April 18, 1937

Sam and Howard Moffett

[postcard to their parents while on the return trip back to Wheaton after the Easter vacation visit to the family's home in retirement in Monrovia, California]

Dear Folks,

Only three hundred and fifty miles left now after a good trip. We'll get in late tonight, and have a day to study before school, tho I wish we hadn't left California quite so soon.

Passed through a blizzard last night and had some difficulty, but it's very warm and sunny here now.

Love,

Sam and Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

April 19, 1937

Sam and Howard Moffett

[postcard in Howard's handwriting to their parents in Monrovia, California after their first visit to them since their mother and young brother, Tom, arrived back from Korea.

Dear Folks,

Arrived all O.K. about 1:30 last night and had a good sleep this morning. Sam's letter came from you.

Nice day out and I can almost feel like going back to school again.

Love,

Sam and Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

New York, New York

April 23, 1937

George T. Scott
(Foreign Board Sec'y)

[one item among many in an outgoing letter from the New York Mission Board to the Korea Mission - this item on page 12]

MRS. MOFFETT AND MISS MYERS

Mrs. Samuel Moffett accompanied by Miss Edith Myers, R.N., arrived in San Francisco on March 24, where they were met by Dr. Moffett, Mr. [Norman C.] Whittemore, [Rev.] Dr. [Wm. H.] Chisholm, Dr. Weston T. Johnson and other friends. Dr. Chisholm accompanied Dr. and Mrs. Moffett to Monrovia in southern California where it is hoped that she, as well as Dr. Moffett, will make a rapid improvement in health.

[After one further item, the letter is signed]

With warmest personal regards to each of you and with earnest prayer for God's guidance in all of our work, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

George T. Scott

Monrovia, California
113½ Wildrose Avenue

April 25, 1937

Lucia Fish Moffett

Dear Girls, [The Fortin sisters]

It has been a long time since your cheery letter greeted us as we landed in San Francisco. We had a bad trip and I had to be wheeled off the boat so we only waited for train time to start south.

Sam and Howard were here last week. Their spring vacation was late and they - six Wheaton students - got two cars to deliver here for dealers. I did not write many letters last week, you may be sure.

Tom is taking orchestra, physical ed., manual training, music and art at school but the rest at home. Southern California is beginning to get in its good work and we all feel much stronger. Tom claims to have gained half a pound.

You won't be as slow about writing as we have been, will you?

Affectionately,

Lucia

THE NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE

TOWER

CARL F.H. HENRY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

WHEATON COLLEGE . . . WHEATON, ILLINOIS

HOWARD F. MOFFETT
BUSINESS MANAGER

Wheaton, Illinois

April 25, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

This first week has gone by so fast I've hardly known what I was doing. I've had to do a little make-up work which I missed out on, and then get started on review for next week's exams. I'm certainly dreading them, not so much in themselves, but because I won't have sufficient time to prepare. I've got six altogether, and three of them come on one day. Tennis has been cutting into everything and sort of ruins my studying. It took me all day yesterday just making up the work I'd missed in Zo Lab, and I'll have to spend practically all day tomorrow finishing up and getting ready for the exam Tuesday. But there is some consolation. I never have to worry about what to do with spare time.

Both your letters came the other day, and we were mighty glad to hear that everything is still all right out there and that Mother seems to be improving. We had a good trip back, even though somewhat cramped, and it was a lot of fun. My, how thankful we have been that we were able to go out to see you. It was awfully hard to realize at the time, but wonderfully true.

Matso has certainly grown into a mighty capable young scout. He knows more stuff that I'd never think of knowing, just because I haven't the memory he has, I guess. I wonder if that's what Greek does for one. Sam is the same way, and I just don't see how he does it. I only wish we'd had more time to get in some special tennis practice with Tommy, also some car driving - - but that'll come. You might write us a little more about what you do at school, and the rest of the time you're not studying, Tomato!

We had a tennis match over at DeKalb last Tuesday, but were rained out before we had time to get into the doubles. Playing 2nd singles I won my match 6-4, 6-4; and then over at Elmhurst Friday Sam and I won our doubles 6-2, 6-3 and I took my singles 6-1, 6-3. Sam also came through with his singles and we took a clean sweep of the match. Yesterday we were supposed to go down near Peoria for a match, but it was called off on account of rain. That was a break for me, for otherwise I'd have been hopelessly behind in lab. This coming week we have

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two more matches, one here and one at North Central.

Last night we had an impromptu soph party, which because of its informality was more fun than usual. Next Friday we have a Korea Kid's Sukiyaki in Chicago, which will be a big affair, and then Saturday is the Girls Dorm Party to which I've been invited by June Rider. Sam's going with Charlotte Chappel I believe.

We're really getting started on next year's *Tower* now, and things are beginning to move. There are always some things that have to be attended to early, and I'm just hoping that I don't miss any of them. Spring photography is the main responsibility though just now.

I didn't wake up till 11:15 this morning, too late for church, so I'm typing this now instead. Sam and Dat are still snoozing, but then they didn't get in till much later than I last night. Sam's standing up under it pretty well, but he sure ought to have a rest this summer. North Dakota should do him a world of good, for it'll be so different - - even though keeping him busy. He hasn't heard yet from Charles so far as I know.

Going up to eat now,

Lots and Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

THE NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE

TOWER

CARL F.H. HENRY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
HOWARD F. MOFFETT
BUSINESS MANAGER

WHEATON COLLEGE . . . WHEATON, ILLINOIS

Wheaton, Illinois

April 25, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Here I am already sponging off Howie's *Tower*. It's convenient to have two supplies of stationery.

I suppose you've heard and read in the *Record* of the grand trip we had coming back. Boulder Dam was immense, and the first Geography class we had after school started was taken up with movies of the building of the dam. It was three times as interesting after I had seen the site. Zion canyon was beautiful, and Bryce canyon even more like the Grand Canyon of Arizona.

There's been nothing but *Tower* work for me since I got back. It took the first couple of days to get back into the swing of things, but now we're finishing up full blast. McShane and Brosius have done right nobly in my absence, but there are plenty of things to do. I don't expect to get the thing off until the first of May, and then there will be plenty of proof-reading, etc. It looks as if I'm going to be kept busy right up to the end of the year.

In addition to the *Tower*, tennis now takes time. We had our first meet with DeKalb, without practice, and were fortunately rained out, but not before Howie had won his match, and I had lost mine. Elmhurst, whom we played Friday was an easy match, 6-0. We didn't lose a set. Incidentally, Howie and I broke into Arch Ward's column of the *Tribune* as tennis players from Korea heading for California to practice. I guess that trip gave quite a professional touch. But it was lots more to us than tennis. I wouldn't have missed it for a dozen *Towers*, particularly now that I can't get out there this summer.

We are mighty glad to hear that mother is getting better fast. Maybe that means more Greek and Latin for Mutso. It's good for you. I can see you need discipline. No word yet from Charlie about the church, but I expect a letter this week.

Mother will be glad to hear that I slept all day today. I got someone to substitute for me out at Mooseheart and didn't wake up until 12:30. I didn't even hear the call for breakfast, and now feel like a new man. But it's time for church. Then early to bed.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California
113½ Wildrose Avenue

April 29, 1937

Lucia Fish Moffett

Dear Mary & Agnes,

You were probably surprised to receive a letter from me which did not suggest some nice little favor earnestly desired? Here comes the request but I really hope you won't find it as bad as some have been.

Some day when you are passing the Bank of Oakland - or Bank of Italy, it was for a while - will you go in and see about my savings account? Some of the ladies packed for me when I was in the hospital and I haven't the number of my passbook. It has been with them for years and only about \$300 is left now.

(5)

The old number I think was 77892(7) but that does not look right & a new number was given anyway.

If necessary I'll send to Korea but do not want to bother them or to wait. In case you can draw for me, I'll just send an order for \$65 on another sheet and then could you buy a real good safety razor? I got Sam Sr. one years ago through your kindness but he was accustomed to the other kind. Just now his hand is not quite steady and I am so afraid the frequent cuts may cause real trouble, like cancer. Sam Jr. is cheerfully using the other so it is irretrievable & useful.

Many, many thanks for all you have done even if you can't do this.

Just send the razor, of course, by mail (is that another nuisance?) And a check for the balance.

Affectionately,

Lucia F. Moffett

Wheaton, Illinois

April 29, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

[postcard to his father, Dr. Samuel A. Moffett, in Monrovia, California]

Dear Father,

I just received good news from Charlie. The \$65 which he said was coming to me this summer is not for the whole three months, but is \$65 a month, or \$195 for the summer. This is superabundant.

Tom will be glad to know we've won our two tennis matches so far - - Elmhurst 6-0, North Central 5-1. We're so glad Mother is continuing to improve.

Love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

THE NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE

TOWER

CARL F.H. HENRY
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

WHEATON COLLEGE . . . WHEATON, ILLINOIS

HOWARD F. MOFFETT
BUSINESS MANAGER

Wheaton, Illinois

May 2, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Exams are over, for good or for worse, and now we can settle down to a little more normality. It's been kind of a hectic week all around, with entirely too many things to be done. I did some crazy thinking on my exams, and am quite sure I didn't do as well as I could. But it's a relief to have them over with anyway.

Poor Sam has had a tougher time yet with his *Tower*, getting very little sleep and working almost continually on it. The end of his worries can't be very far off though, as the book will be coming out sometime this month.

We were rained out of another tennis match this week, but got in one with North Central and beat them 5-1. In our doubles Sam & I lost the first set 11-13, but took the last ones 6-1, and 7-5. Wes Carlson, who was on the team with Charlie some years ago, has been coaching us and has torn my whole game apart. It seems that I didn't have a single orthodox stroke, but if I can ever get onto his methods it'll make a big improvement - I hope! Wes sure knows his stuff, and is a dandy fellow.

Glad Tommy has gotten into Scout activities there. That'll be swell for him and he should meet some nice fellows, too. I like the idea of his going to Camp on Catalina Island, too.

We went to the Dorm party last night, and was it ever an elaborate affair! They spent over three hundred dollars on decorations, and it was a veritable indoor garden. Three tons of rock were imported! We sure had a keen time.

Friday evening fourteen or so of us from here drove in to the Korea Kids Suki-yaki. Beekie Bernheisel came all the way in from Iowa City to attend. We sure had a grand informal evening of it, and it seemed just like good old P.Y. again.

We've got a chemistry trip into Chicago tomorrow to go through the stock yards, soap

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manufacturing plant, and kindred works. I've been spending all my afternoons of late working in chem. lab trying to finish up my unknowns. They're a mess, and my forced speed has resulted in a lot of mistakes.

I suppose Sam told you he was to receive room and \$65 a month up in North Dakota this summer. That's plenty nice. I might even go up and have him support me too on that salary! At least he can pay up his debts to me before long!

Mr. Chandler has written several times lately wanting me to come out there this summer, but I don't know what I'll be doing after my month here is up. It's pretty hard to pick up anything in the way of real financial returns in the middle of the summer that way. A fellow was around here the other day from whom I could have gotten a job as swimming instructor at a boys camp in the East, but not for first part of the summer. Mary Jarvie wrote that her mother thought I might be able to pick up some work out there for a while, but she couldn't be sure.

I guess I'll go in, turn on the radio, and take a nap now. Sam's already beat me to it.

Lots of Love,

Howard

P.S. Young Thomas F. might write a little longer next time!!!! We've still got his bathing suit.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 2, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

You probably received my postcard explaining the North Dakota situation. I'll have to leave right after my last exam in June to get up there by the 13th. If I take the train my expenses will be something like this:

50.00	Transportation from Chicago and back - train
65.00	Board - \$5 per week for 13 weeks
8.00	Laundry
27.00	Incidentals

150.00 Expenses for three months

195.00 Receipts for three months

45.00 Cash balance

Charlie adds that he may get an additional cash receipt for me, but is not sure. That would mean an additional \$25. The above figures are liberal. I may have to take the train up there to arrive in time, but I should have more time to get back. It all sounds pretty good to me. And the experience will be invaluable.

This was another busy week. The *Tower* is an endless job. And as soon as that is over I have term papers to write for all my classes, and I'm going to have to find time to write some sermons and prepare for the summer work. Last night I went to a grand party - the Williston Hall party, with Howard. Charlotte Chappell of Mason City, Iowa asked me. We could hardly recognize the dorm, it was transformed into a garden, with flowered walks, fish ponds and stone gardens. Our favors were bowls of goldfish. But after the party I had to tear up to the office and bat out some more feature pages.

We had our first two tennis meets this week, and won both as I mentioned in the card. Howie and I took both our singles and doubles both times. At North Central I was trailing the first set 5-1, then bucked up and took the next six games and the set. And in doubles we lost the first set 13-11, and came back to take the second 6-1 and go on to win. I'm playing third man now. And at last we have a coach, Wes Carlson, who used to play with Charlie.

But it's time for church. And after that - - bed.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

THE NINETEEN THIRTY-NINE

TOWER

CARL F.H. HENRY
WHEATON, ILLINOIS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

WHEATON COLLEGE . . .

HOWARD F. MOFFETT
BUSINESS MANAGER

Wheaton, Illinois

May 9, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Another busy week has slipped by, and brought commencement that much nearer. It certainly won't be long now, and the last month is always so filled up with doings of one kind or another that it doesn't seem like any time at all. We're having some beautiful weather these days too - - fine for tennis and all.

I came out pretty well in the only three exams I've heard from yet. An 88 in Trigonometry is the highest I've gotten in an exam yet, and it gave me an 85 for my six weeks grade. I'd sure like to get that for the course, but I'm afraid of this last six weeks in all my classes. I just can't spend the time I should on them. That's been particularly true of my Chem. Lab, and my hasty work there will undoubtedly pull the 91 I got in the exam down a good deal. The other grade I've gotten is in Scientific Art, in which I rated an 85. Nothing to brag about, but when it comes to art I'm satisfied with it.

Sam's finished up all his work on the *Tower*, and the last bit of copy and proof has gone off to the printer. He looks relieved, though awfully tired. Even at that though he came through in our tennis match with Armour on Friday to be the only man on the team to be undefeated in both singles and doubles. I lost my singles to a fellow I beat last year, while Fischer won his singles and lost in doubles. I'm pretty sure I could have won my match with my regular game, but Wes Carlson is changing it as I mentioned before and won't let me revert to the other even in matches - - though I do at times and get a cross between the two which is worse than ever. Fischer has caught on fast tho, and I don't believe I'd have a chance of beating him now. Sam and I still rule the doubles though, and he's been playing much better than he did last year. It's hard to figure out. So far the team is still undefeated, but Armour tied us 3-3. We took everything against Eureka. This coming Saturday we have the Sectionals, the winners going down to Peoria for the State meet. I sure hope Sam and I can come through.

I'm sorry you haven't been getting the *Record*. it's our fault for not having given them

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your new address. They've all been going out to Korea, and you'll probably get them during the summer or something. We'll correct that right away however.

Our International Club project of a Box Social worked out surprisingly well Friday night, and we made a little over twenty dollars on it. Everyone seemed to have a good time too, and the place was crowded. I was awfully skeptical about it before.

Most of all we're thinking of you today, Mother. How we do wish we might all be together again, but the few days not so long ago give us mighty pleasant memories to think about. Every letter from there says you're improving so much too in health, which is the finest kind of news. You may be sure we're praying for and thinking of you loads and loads, the dearest mother in all the world.

Yes, I would like to take my summer school work out there near you, but the chief reason for my going is to get work on the *Tower* started and see about contracts etc. - - all of which has to be done here of course. Besides, courses don't run the same out there and it might not work out so well. If Charlie and Marion with the baby come down for Commencement to get Sam I may go back to Rolette with them for a few days before summer school starts here on the 19th. It would give me a nice break in the studying. Did I tell you that Mrs. Roy is going to let me do a little work around here at the house for my room? Otherwise I would have had to move up to the fourth floor, which is required of everyone going to summer school unless working for their room. That'll help some.

We're already beginning to take over some of the *Tower* selling projects, such as candy etc. at games. I'm trying to get things organized, but know so little about it it's giving me more gray hairs than anything else.

Dad was away for two days at a press conference of college papers, and was elected president of it for next year! Great stuff!

You sounded like you had a plenty good time picking up paper for that Scout project, Mutso. Go to it, and incidentally you might try passing a few tests now and then. We'd like to have at least one Eagle Scout in the family. Sam and I never quite got that far.

Well, as usual I'm going to take my little Sunday afternoon nap. I wish there were more Sundays in the week!

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 9, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

We're thinking about you a lot today, mother. You seem so near to us these days, without any ocean in between. A few deserts make no difference - - you can hitch-hike across them. But it would be nicer if you were with us.

Howard and I are now rooming with a big-shot. Dayton was elected president yesterday of the Illinois Collegiate Press Association, and next year their conference will be held at Wheaton for the first time.

This has been rather a frenzied week. Six weeks' exams, tennis, *Tower* and long Greek assignments have piled up on me. But last night I put the finishing touches on the *Tower*, and now all that remains is the Index and proofing. I feel loads lighter. Now I shall begin to catch up on sleep, even if I do have five term papers hanging over me.

Tennis is no burden. It just takes time. We're still going fairly well, with no defeats yet, although one tie has been hung up on us. Monday we took over a Eureka team 6-0 without losing a single set. That was easy, but we were rather afraid of the meet with Armour Friday. They had beaten North Central 6-1, and we had taken them in 5-1, so anything can happen. As it was we tied them 3-3, and broke our winning streak. Howard was off his game and lost second singles, and I was lucky and came off ahead in three sets in third position. Kent lost fourth singles. In the doubles we had a chance to take the meet, and Howie and I polished off their first team easily in two sets, but Fischer and Kent, after taking the first set in second doubles, dropped the next two, for a tie meet. Next meet is with DeKalb. And that will be a tough one.

Exams went off rather well, and I wouldn't be at all worried over my studies were it not for those term papers. I really didn't deserve the grades I got, because I didn't study for any tests, I was so head over heels finishing up the annual. But I got a 94 in History, and a 90+ in Geography and a 90 in Romans. There was no Greek exam, but she's piling on the assignments in an effort to finish up the Medea. I'm falling behind a bit.

I heard from Charlie recently. He's tickled over our tennis. But we haven't made any plans for the summer. Dr. Stone here is going to talk things over with me and give me some help and pointers in preparation. He certainly is a grand man. Looking ahead I'm a bit afraid, but after all, it isn't what we do that counts, it's what we let the Lord do through us.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 16, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Tomato:

(Father and Mother come in just incidentally this time)

To think that you are now in your teens! Woe is us, what is this world coming to. I suppose you'll be climbing into long pants and wearing my shirts before long. But I suppose I must break down and congratulate you upon having reached all of the age of thirteen. Happy Birthday!

We tried our best to think of some way to have a package of some kind arrive at 311½ Wildrose on the 18th, but just haven't had any time to look around, and rather than pick up something now which wouldn't exactly fill the bill we've decided to make you exercise a little patience and wait a while for it. O.K.? If not, you'll have to wait anyway. We probably won't do anything about it till we can get into Chicago, or maybe even till sometime this summer.

Have you gotten in any tennis there this spring since we left? We're expecting you to go to town in that in a few years, and there's no time like the present to get in a good foundation. Sam and I pulled thru in doubles to take the Sectionals at North Central in the all day meet yesterday, so get to go down for the State (Little 19 championships) meet in Peoria two weeks from now. Howie Fischer won in singles too, while I dropped out with a lousy game to Elmhurst's first man. The only consolation is that he also beat the fellow from North Central who barely lost out in the finals at State last year. We've got four matches coming up this week, and about three each for the two weeks following. We may get to a few classes now and then, but it looks sorta doubtful!

So you're still tooting away in the orchestra too, eh what? How did you rate playing in the high school concert? That's good stuff. One of these days you'd better drop around and wipe the dust off my trombone.

Well, act your age and behave yourself! Rather an impossibility I suppose, but then . . .

Your loving brother

Howie

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 16, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

We're having a bit of California weather outside ourselves today, and it's almost painful to sit inside. Less than three weeks more before exams begin. It hardly seems possible. My anthropology grade was an 85 too for the last six weeks, but Mack hasn't given us our Zoology. My chemistry lab brought my 91 down to an 85. I've only one more unknown to do now, and then the exam. After that I'll be a lot freer, except that tennis is going to cut in a lot. Because of trips we have no more Fridays of school left, and very few afternoons of any kind.

Uncle Howard sent me 25 shares of \$50 each of the Belt Railroad stock this week, which I shall put away in our deposit boxes in the bank. Of course we haven't gone in debt mother, and it's the last thing in the world I'll ever do. The only thing is that due to my \$17 dental bill I had to draw from my special account at the bank, which I didn't want to have to do so soon. That was also because we haven't received anything for May, and if we aren't going to, then it's all right.

Thursday night I helped serve at the Jr.-Sr. party and had a swell time messing around out in the kitchen. Last night I wasted a few hours playing Rook up on the Fourth Floor, but beyond that I've been pretty busy all week. Sam's also been getting a little sleep for a change, and both of us should be in fairly good shape for the State meet in Peoria. We've got our house party here this coming Saturday. I'm taking Rosa Bell, or rather bringing her.

Now for another nap. The radio is just for a soothing effect, Mother. It helps me go to sleep, and we do get some swell Sunday music from Chicago.

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

The

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

1938

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor
NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

Tower

Wheaton, Illinois

May 16, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Mutso ~~~~~

Man alive! I don't see how you manage to grow old so fast. By the time you get this, I suppose you'll be bragging around that you're an old man - thirteen.

Lest you become over-proud and unruly, Howie and I figured that the best way to assert our authority was to let you sit around and wait a while for your birthday present. So don't expect one for a couple of weeks, until Howard earns enough money to buy one.

I'm tickled to hear that you are going to be at a camp for a while this summer. It'll be good for you to get around for a while with other fellows - it should be a grand time out on Catalina.

Incidentally, you may be glad to hear that Howie and I won our doubles in the Northern State Intersectionals. That gives us a crack at the State title two weeks from now. I'll have to admit that Howie did most of the tennis-playing.

But behave yourself, and act your age.

Sam

Wheaton, Illinois

May 16, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

It rained a bit last night, but otherwise it's almost as nice here now as it was out in California a month ago. If only we could count on it's staying nice, I'd want to move outdoors and live. Spring fever got me this week, and I've done little worthwhile.

However we did manage to keep the tennis going, though my record wasn't so hot. Against George Williams, which we beat 5-1, I was the only one who lost. But Howie and I took our doubles, which was some consolation. And then in the Northern State sectionals, Howie and I scraped through to win. Howie Fischer won the singles which made a pretty good day for Wheaton. This give us the right to go down state for the finals tournament two weeks from today, with a chance to win the state title. I don't quite see how we managed to win. I guess the late hours of the past month suddenly took effect, for I was completely off my game. In the first bracket we met North Central's second doubles team, which should have been easy. And we took the first set without trouble, 6-2, but in the second I wilted and they took it, and in the third were leading 5-4 and 30-love, before we managed to pull back. I was still off when we met DeKalb, who was favored to win. But Howie was playing well enough for three people, and after dropping the first set we took the next two. It was all rather nerve-wracking.

We Juniors put one over on the Seniors this week. Every year the Seniors bury a cake which they dig up with ceremony on Class day. This year for the first time in eighty-seven years, the Juniors unearthed the cake. We had shifts working nights covering the campus with iron pokers, and finally found it at 2:30 the other night. Don't worry -- I wasn't working on any night shifts this week. I've been sleeping.

Had a date this week, mother. But it was my first or second in two months. I'd hardly call it a mad whirl of social activity. This was to the Junior-Senior party, and I took Ann Beckley. However, you will be glad to hear that I did not date to the two other functions of the week-end, bug functions too -- the Spring Lit Open Meeting, and the Men's Glee Club concert. Both nights I went to bed early. I expect hearty commendation for this act of will.

Mutso should get absolutely no mention in this letter. He got one all for himself.

I hope for a letter from Charlie soon, with more details of the work this summer. And for more advice on how to prepare for it. I'm going to have to leave Wheaton right away after my last exam, Thursday noon, the 10th of June.

Lots of love, and happy birthday, Mutso.

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 23, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

I just got back with Carl, Clid, Campbells, etc. from struggling through the crowds of sightseers over at the lilac town of Lombard. It surely is hot today, but nice in the shade. Sam and Dat are out somewhere, I don't know where. They probably don't either.

Good grief, but this week has sure flown by fast. Less than two more now before finals too. I finished up all my Chem. lab work this week and took my exam in it, getting 100. This coming week I want to finish up my Zoo lab and write up an anthropology term paper on evolution. I'll feel a lot better when both of those are off my mind.

Did I tell you we'd received those scholarship blanks you filled out all right, and that's all been attended to.

A letter from Charlie the other day said he and Marion with the baby are coming down here for a few days during exam week so as to be able to take Sam right back with them in time for his first service.

We won three more tennis matches this week, all pretty easily. The one Friday was practically an all-day trip down to Eureka. This coming Thursday we leave for the State meet in Peoria. The *Record* will tell you more about the tennis - - that is, if you're getting it now. You should be.

Yesterday morning Carl Henry and I went into Chicago to see about the prospects of getting a magician out here during summer school for a *Tower* project. We made several contacts and we'll be able to get one of the first rate artists of the country for it, and still be able to make quite a profit on it - - we hope. A thing like that will go over big with the town here too, so we can count on that a lot more than we could for a concert or something of that nature.

Mrs. Roy put on a grand banquet last night for us, out of doors on the lawn. It was nearly full moon too, which made a really lovely setting. As I told you before, I took Rosa and we had a pretty good time together. I always enjoy those things a lot more with a girl I know real well than with somebody I have to be real formal and correct in everything with.

Tom's letter was almost a masterpiece this time. It nearly bowled us over coming in typewritten sheets that way. But don't let that stop you from doing it again.

I saw Dr. Taylor about my summer school work, and he is going to let me take my 2nd semester Physics lab work along with all the 1st semester's work during the first month in order that I can get five hours of credit and also get it out of the way. That'll make next year easier, even tho I'll have to spend all my afternoons in lab during the month this summer. The only thing I'm scared about is that I'll be the only one taking that other hour and without having the first term's work behind me I may run into some trouble. I'm awfully glad he's letting me do it tho. In that way organic chemistry may be my only lab next year, for at least the first term.

Archie [Campbell] is yelling that my food is getting cold in the next room, so I'd better run in and attend to it.

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 23, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Here we are another week nearer the end of school. I never saw time pass so fast before, at least it seems so now. And I must leave right after my last exam, on Thursday, the 10th of June for North Dakota. Charlie and Marion are driving down to pick me up to take me to Devils Lake for a conference with Dr. Kelly, regional superintendent before I go on to Antler [North Dakota].

Term papers still weigh upon my mind. This week I had time to write only one, thanks to *Tower* proofs which had to be read and tennis matches that came at the wrong time. Incidentally I'm glad to report that we're still going strong, unbeaten yet. We had three matches this week, and won all of them. First we beat a North Central Team that was all set to swamp us, and turned the tables on them 5-1. Then on Friday we went down state and played Eureka, winning again 4-1. And we finished up a good tennis week by a clean sweep over Elmhurst, 6-0. Howie and I won all our matches, both singles and doubles. It feels good to be winning, but I wonder how long it will last.

Yesterday we had our annual Green Lantern Open House. It was warm enough, strange to relate, to eat outside, and it didn't even rain. It was decidedly un-Wheatonlike. The yard was pretty with Japanese lanterns strung from the house to the big maple tree. Frank Ammons, a new fellow this semester, announced his engagement to a girl from Elkhart. Howard invited Rosa Bell, and I was with Virginia Snively.

I want to remind you, mother, that I'm getting a lot of sleep, except for last night when I had to help clean up after the party. I'm probably putting on weight, too, but would hardly call myself fat, yet. See that Mutso behaves himself. And we haven't forgotten that he just had a birthday.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 26, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

[postcard sent to his parents]

Rev. & Mrs. S.A. Moffett
311½ Wildrose Ave.
Monrovia, California

Dear Folks:

Big news! Sam was elected president of the Senior Class today for next year!! That's really an honor.

We leave tomorrow for Peoria and the State Tennis meet. Exams not far ahead, but all is well.

Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

May 27, 1937

Lucia Hester Fish Moffett

Dearest Girls, [the Fortin sisters in Oakland]

Where is that real letter Agnes was thinking of writing? The razor has made a great improvement in the reverend's appearance and is a nice little tool. So nice, in fact, it moved Tom to try a swath on his smooth cheek!

Sam and Howard write they leave for Peoria this week end to take part in the state tennis meet.

Even I have dissipated to the extent of two long drives and fortunately indoors is sunnier than out.

With a great deal of love,

Lucia

(From the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

May 30, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Just back from seeing our ten cousins etc. in Peoria, and incidentally getting eliminated in the tennis meet in the first round by the eventual winners. They breezed thru everything, and we were pretty lucky to get one game in the two sets. It was all because one of them, a Freshman from Augustana, had about everything a good tennis player should have. He defeated the favorite in singles 6-0, 6-1 in the first round, and then took Howie Fischer in the finals 6-0, 6-1, 6-2. Fischer did well tho to get at least into the finals, so saved our face that much. This Augustana player has a younger brother in high school now with national Junior ranking, and he will be in college next year with him. What a team they will make!

We had a good time down there tho, and I'm mighty glad we got to go. We spent part of an afternoon with all the Moffetts, had supper with them and then went on a tour of the city in the evening before coming back for a while. I don't believe Uncle Will realized who we were, but he seemed remarkably well and healthy, very affable and cheerful, and had a tremendous appetite. I believe he drank five glasses of milk that one meal we were there. It sure was a good supper too. After cooking for ten children I guess Aunt Abby knows just what is appreciated most. She sure ought to. We met six of the cousins. Lawrence is out in Los Angeles, and they are writing him to look you up. All of them sent their best wishes to you all, and hope you'll come around to see them.

Isn't that great news of Sam's election to the Senior Class Presidency! That's really good. I guess I've been congratulated as much as he has, for three-fourths of the people around here still think I'm the other.

I'm glad Tommy is going to Y. and Scout camps this summer. He ought to have a swell time at them. I suppose they're both right around there near Los Angeles.

Golly it's hot here today. Roastingly so, and you can't even sit around without perspiring to beat the band. Too much like last summer to suit me!

I managed to finish up all my Zoology lab work for the year before we left on the tennis trip, and also wrote a sixteen page Anthropology term paper as I had hoped. But I've still got more than I like to think about for this week. Our Chemistry exam is divided into three parts again, and our first is tomorrow. I haven't even looked at it yet. Finals begin in earnest tho next Friday, mine with Trigonometry. We've also got three tennis matches.

I'm not going to write any more today, for I've got a lot of other letters I really should get off and don't know when I'll have time later.

Lots of love,
Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

The

WHEATON COLLEGE, WHEATON, ILLINOIS

1938

SAMUEL MOFFETT, Editor

NORRIS ALDEEN, Business Manager

Tower

Wheaton, Illinois

May 30, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Summer is here with a vengeance. It's hot enough to fool us into thinking we're back in last summer school. Down in Peoria it was so hot that the asphalt courts on which we were playing began to melt.

We lost out in the first round down there to the finalists from Augustana, but it was a great trip anyway. We had dinner Friday out at Uncle Will's [their father's oldest brother], and Aunt Abby can certainly cook. Uncle Will's memory is almost all gone, but he is quite healthy, and eats well. I guess we met about three-quarters of the family, Mac, Tom, Betty, Catherine, Jane and Harriet, and other relatives by marriage.

Fischer came through in the singles right nobly, and went to the finals, where he, too was beaten by Augustana.

You probably saw in this week's *Record* that I was just elected Senior president for next year. It surprized [sic] me just as much as it did you, I guess. I was away playing tennis during the elections, and walked back into it unsuspectingly.

We were rained out of our match with George Williams that afternoon after we had taken three singles and were leading in both doubles. I lost the only singles, worse luck. Also, the rain made us stick indoors for a picnic that was scheduled for the evening. It was good fun anyway.

Exams next week, Friday! I shudder at the thought But right now it's too hot to worry.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

June 5, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

[postcard to his thirteen-year-old brother. It is addressed to
Mr. Thomas F. Moffett
311½ Wildrose Ave.
Monrovia, Calif.]

Mutso:

Do you recognize the distinguished character in the white sweater - upper right hand corner?

Behave yourself at Scout camp.

Sam

[front side of postcard is a series of photos from the Wheaton campus and featuring an ad for the Summer School program. The man in the white sweater would be Sam, himself, although there is water damage to the old card which makes that picture unrecognizable now in 2003]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

June 6, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Exams are under way now, but thank goodness by the time you get this they should be all over for Sam and myself. I've got none tomorrow, but two each on Tuesday and Wednesday. I've finished math for good now -- at least I hope so. The exam Friday morning wasn't any too easy and I know I made some foolish (and otherwise) mistakes, but believe I passed it anyway. I'd sure like to get an 80 in that course.

The two Chemistry exams this week weren't so bad, but the Zoology lab final was a mess. Dr. Mack sure layed it on thick.

Poor Sam has had to take some awfully hard news with regard to his *Tower*, and it isn't his fault at all. The crazy printer contracted for more annuals etc. than he can care for properly, and rather than lose his patronage by big Ten Universities he is concentrating on them and has finally had to admit that ours won't be out before school closes. That's mighty bad business, and I'd sure like to hit the bloke, but even tho he is breaking his contract there isn't much that can be done about it since there wasn't any penalty clause for late delivery. He just guaranteed it, and they'd have to sue to get anything. However, Sam says there is just a chance some of the books may be rushed through in time for the Seniors at commencement, and they're going to try to make the printer pay the postage for mailing the others.

Last evening the *Tower* of '38 had their farewell picnic party over on the banks of the St. Charles river, and of course Carl and I went along to observe. We really had a swell time, played soft-ball baseball, some went swimming, messed around in the park, and then had keen eats around the fire with singing and devotions afterwards. Sam was presented with an A No. 1 ifty seven and a half dollar kodak by the class, a beautiful job and one of the latest things put out by Eastman with a fast German lens. Norrie was given a 21 jeweled Waltham watch.

Not much else happened this week, as most everyone was trying to cram into a few hours what they should have learned in 18 weeks. Don Boardman, my co-corresponding secretary for Celts this last semester, was elected president of the society for next term, while thru some break I was elected to one of the three positions of critic. Of all things! Imagine me making constructive criticisms of other folks literary numbers and methods of delivery. Whew!

You mentioned the possibility of Jim's going west for his vacation. Did he mention when it would be? Last year I think it came in June, but with his advancement maybe it has changed. I hope I'm here when he comes thru. Is he driving, or what? I guess maybe I'd better write him for a change tho, and find out. Charlie, Marion and the baby are driving down from North Dakota to get Sam this week, arriving Wednesday night, and leaving the next afternoon. I think maybe I'll go back with them, spend a couple of days there and then thumb my way back. I've got to get out of here if only for a few days, just for a change before going to summer school. Did I tell you that Bea Browne would probably be here too for the summer session? That'll be plenty nice. It's going to seem funny without Dat or Sam around tho. Dayton's going down to

6/06/1937 - p.2 H.F.M.

Costa Rica for a while according to present plans - - and we wonder why!!

I suppose Tommy's all out of school by now, and wasting time with the radio etc. up at Brodheads. Sam was just saying that we'd better start looking around for his long over-due birthday present before long - - so don't give up hope, Tomato.

Going up to eat now.

Lots of love,

Howard

By the way, the \$30 check from Uncle Howard came OK, and has been acknowledged. Thank you.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Dear Folks:

This has been about as discouraging a week as I like to _____ two weeks now I've been worrying about why we _____ of sheets on the *Tower*, and been put off _____ ...day, Ken Taylor went down to Dixon, _____ find out what was the matter, and discovered that _____ could get out the book on contract _____ exams. It was all rather sickening _____ *Towers* and all that, while the school _____ was late. On top of all that, Thursday _____ I had to go down to Dixon was the day before two final exams - - Greek and Roman History. If only the printer had admitted _____ ago he couldn't get the book out, I might at least have been able to quit worrying over the uncertainty in time to get a little studying done. The same printer has North Central's book in the same fix - - he just contracted for more books than his plant could take - - so we suffer. It looks now as if I'm going to have to leave for North Dakota even before the books arrive - - which is rather disgusting.

I'm not altogether a cynic yet, however, for there have been one or two rays of light amidst all this gloom. (Time out while I restore my shattered nerves and ruined health by taking a picture of Dayton with my new camera that I'm going to tell you about - - it's one of the rays of light) The picture is taken and I can continue. Yesterday, the staff, ignoring the fact that there were no *Towers* in view, went off and had a swell time on a *Tower* picnic - - canoeing, steak-fry, soft-ball baseball, etc., and there took time to present me with a swell camera - - Kodak, with a fast German lens, f.3.5, so at last I can learn a little about taking pictures. I feel like a kid with a new toy.

Another cheerful event was the return tennis match with Armour, when we killed two birds with one stone, avenging our only tie of the season, and finishing up the year with an undefeated team record - - best in Wheaton history. We were after blood, and in spite of our lack of success at Peoria, we wiped them off 5-1, and they were counting on beating us. Only match lost was Fischer's. In dual matches Howard and I haven't been beaten this season playing doubles.

And then Dr. Moule contributed his share to cheering me up by shouting across the campus that I had made a 95 in Roman History - - one of the exams I hadn't been able to study for. I only hope he wasn't kidding. I don't know how the Greek went, but am a little dubious. No exams tomorrow - - but two on Tuesday, Geography and Romans; with Philosophy on Wednesday. That finishes me up, and Charlie and Marion are coming to get me Thursday. My first sermon, I think, will be on Christ's invitation in Matt. 11, "Come unto me all ye that labor - -." Dr. Stone has been helping me a lot in preparing for the summer. But this *Tower* mess took the fight out of me for a while.

Howard came through in fine style at the Celt elections - - and he's a big shot - - a Critic - - now. Some day he'll grow up, I guess. There's even hope for you, maybe, Mutso. I guess it's Catalina for you pretty soon. Do you ever get any tennis in?

6/06/1937 - p.2 S.H.M.

But it's time for church. Next Sunday it will be my church I go to. A sobering thought.

Lots of love,

*S*am

P.S. This is very disturbing news from Philadelphia about the new split in the new church. I fear that Prexy is too much of a fighter. Dr. Stone said that news about the election of our new moderator was reassuring. He thinks the new man is quite conservative.

Incidentally, mother, where did you get the idea I was in debt. I'm not, anyway - - father went over the financial situation thoroughly with us when he was here. There was one dark item this month, though - - a \$23 dental bill, for a wisdom tooth pulling and several cavities. We received our checks from Uncle Howard, and I'm grateful for the birthday present. It was mighty foolish of you to think that you hadn't given me one, though. What else was the California trip - - that was a thousand times better than anything else could have been.

[This letter was damaged in a basement flood at the Samuel H. Moffett home in Princeton, New Jersey in the late 1990's. Parts of it were unreadable]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Montreat, North Carolina

June 13, 1937

Howard F. Moffett

Dear Folks,

Surprised at the postmark? Well, so am I, but don't let it worry you. I haven't turned Southern Presbyterian yet, but boy, they surely do have a pretty place down here.

I was all set for North Dakota till Wednesday night when Charlie came down, and then after talking more than half the night we decided that due to the brevity of time, thumbing conditions, and the probability that I'd be seeing them there right after summer school that it'd hardly be worthwhile going up now.

But I sure wasn't going to stay in Wheaton, so the next morning I went in with Charlie to Chicago and left there that afternoon for here. I thought if I had terrible luck hitchhiking I'd just drop off and spend the time in Madison, or if I had exceptional luck I'd make a circuit up thru Richmond to see Johnny Wilson and then Jim in New York. Well, I sure had the best kind of rides, and made it all the 900 miles here in less than 26 hours, but find that Johnny is coming down here tomorrow so guess I'll just stay here at the Collegiate Home till Wednesday or Thursday before heading back to Physics.

I wonder how Sam came out in his first sermon this morning. I've been thinking of him a lot - praying too. He can do it, and I know he'll get along splendidly with the people up there. Sam has wonderful ability.

Alice Louise is cute as can be, and a right cheerful little niece. It'll be fine if they get out to see you next month - which seems very likely now, and I'll probably come along with them unless something in the nature of a job turns up.

This is a mighty restful change from Illinois. Dr. Jim Wilson, M.D. and his bride of two days are here, and I'm rooming with Roy Talmage. The entire trip and everything is costing me less than it would have been if I'd just stayed in Wheaton - which isn't much.

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Antler, North Dakota

June 14, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Conducted my first service yesterday, and spoke from the text, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." It's inspiring to be out at last doing something for the Lord, small though it may be. Your last letter, father, meant much to me. This statement of yours, particularly gave me new light. "Your task is not so much to defend the gospel, as to proclaim it." I had never thought of it that way before.

The service went off without mishap. But I fear the sermon was none too good - too short for one thing, because I had miscalculated how fast I talk. We had a choir of seven girls for special music. Attendance at church was 61, and at Sunday School, 57, which was more than I expected.

I certainly finished school up in a big hurry. Had very little time to worry about exams, but didn't do so badly. I only know of three grades - 90 in Greek, 90 in Geography, and 95 in Roman History. However, I'm afraid I'm due for an 85 in Philosophy, but perhaps a 95 in Romans. Charlie whisked me away Thursday evening, and we drove all night, landing in Rolette Friday evening. Alice Louise has deep blue eyes, but she's no Moffett - she's too fat; even has a double chin. She made the trip to Wheaton and back like a trooper - tucked away in her basket in the car.

Charlie had a wedding the afternoon he left for Wheaton, and the minute he dropped me at Antler Saturday morning had to tear south for another wedding. He is certainly kept on the go. About the time I left for North Dakota, Howard started walking to North Carolina, where there's a big bunch of Korea Kids at Montreat. Then he tears back to Summer School.

This afternoon, just as I barely get settled, I am to be uprooted and borne to a Conference Camp at Lake Metigoshie, about 100 miles from here, with five young people's delegates from the church. Then back to Antler Friday. In town there are two other churches - Catholic and Pentecostal. Population of Antler, about 300 - 1 1/4 miles from Canadian border.

North Dakota means eating and sleeping to me, if the past two days are any criterion. And I'm not sorry. But I must pack for camp ~~~~

Loads of love. Pray for me here.

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Seoul, Korea [?]

mid-June, 1937 [?]

member of Pyengyang Station

PYENGYANG STATION REPORT

1936-37

The past year has been a year of uncertainty and change. The uncertainty has been mainly in connection with the college and our two academies which have occupied such a large place in our station life.

In accordance with the mission's decision, we are withdrawing from secular educational work. The first step was taken in April when no entering classes were received at the beginning of the school year. It is a heart-breaking business, but we are confident that we are following the indicated will of our divine Leader and know that He will make even this seemingly great catastrophe to work out for the good of His church.

Change is all around us these days. First in the personnel of the station. After many years of almost unbroken ranks, we are rapidly losing our senior members. During the past few years we have lost seven of our leaders through retirement and one by death; This year Miss Velma L. Snook retired in September after thirty-six years in Pyengyang as principal of the Girls's Academy. Her work as pioneer leader in higher educational work for women in North Korea over such a period of years deserved and received highest praise from all classes in Pyengyang. We are proud of the work done by Miss Snook, especially of the brave, strong way she carried her responsibility during her last difficult year. It was hard to see her go, but we feel that she richly deserves the rest and happy years with relatives and friends at home which we trust lie before her.

Dr. Margaret Best, who returned to America in 1936 because of ill health, completed her full term of service and was honorably retired in January, 1937. The whole mission rejoices that she has recovered from her severe illness and is now enjoying life in sunny Florida.

Two families who have resided in Pyengyang many years as representatives of other missions have also retired this year. Dr. and Mrs. Gelson Engel were appointed to the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in Pyengyang in 1906. For 31 years, Dr. Engel has been indefatigable in his work as instructor in Church History and Biblical Languages. His retirement is a great loss to the institution and to the Korean Church. Mrs. Engel has shared in every way in our community life and service. She will be especially missed as a wise and loving friend by a host of Koreans and Japanese as well as missionaries. Dr. and Mrs. Engel returned to Australia in March.

Dr. and Mrs. W.D. Reynolds are also retiring this year and expect to return to America this summer. They are the honored senior members of the Southern Presbyterian Mission, having been in active service in Korea 46 years. Dr. Reynolds was appointed to the Seminary in Pyengyang in 1906. He has not only been the head of the Theological Department of the Seminary for many years, but has been the chief of our Bible translators. Both he and Mrs. Reynolds have had such an intimate part in all the work of the station; both are so loved and appreciated by the whole foreign and Korean communities that their retirement from active

service and from Korea means a great loss to Pyenyang Station.

We do not know what to say about Dr. and Mrs. Moffett. Our hearts are too full to say anything. The strain of the past two years was heavier on our great leader than all the burden of forty years of pioneering work in Korea and outstanding leadership in the establishment of the Korean Church. Two years ago, Dr. Moffett seemed so strong and full of energy, much too young for retirement. It seems too bad that the crushing burdens of our disrupted educational work should have had to fall upon Dr. Moffett. But who else was there who could or would assume the heavy responsibility, and how bravely he bore it till his health broke last summer. On advice of physicians, he went to America last October expecting to return this spring. In the meantime, Mrs. Moffett, who had remained in Pyenyang with their youngest son, Tommy, suffered a severe nervous breakdown. She and Tommy returned to America the last of March accompanied by Miss Edith Myers, our Station nurse. We hope that the Board will grant Miss Myers the extra month of furlough and that she will return to us next summer.

We rejoiced as a Station at the end of last summer to have Dr. and Mrs. Roy K. Smith, Miss Alice Butts, Miss Olivette Swallen and Mr. and Mrs. Francis Kinsler and their three children return to us from furlough and in March at the return of Mrs. R.O. Reiner who had been nearly two years on sick leave in America.

Dr. and Mrs. George S. McCune, Mr. and Mrs. Dexter N. Lutz and Miss Ann Bergman have been absent during the year on furlough. The circumstances of Dr. McCune's retirement from the presidency of the College and from the principalship of the Boy's Academy were given in last year's report. We will only add here that our appreciation of Dr. McCune's courage and of the significance of the stand which he took has increased with the days. Neither the Mission nor the Korean Church will ever escape the high consequences of his act of crucial faith.

It is with deep regret that we have to record in this report the retirement from our mission and Board of Rev. and Mrs. Floyd E. Hamilton. They were among our most effective workers and we greatly regret their withdrawal from our church.

We have an increasing number of visitors both from other stations and from abroad; so many this year that a list is impossible. Special mention, however, must be made of the visits of Mrs. James Duguid, Field Secretary of our Board, in September, and of Dr. and Mrs. J. Ross Stevenson [president of Princeton Theological Seminary] and Mrs. Stevenson's sister, Mrs. Simpson, in November, and of our two Board secretaries, Dr. Charles L. Leber and Dr. J. L. Dodds, in March. All of these Board representatives entered into our difficult Station and Mission problems in a most understanding and sympathetic way. We were strengthened and encouraged by their visits and are confident that their understanding of the situation will be a great help to the Board in any responsible decision it must make.

Not only have the institutions and the personnel of the station undergone great changes in recent years; but startling changes are literally all around us in this swiftly changing land. When a visitor wished to purchase an old style Korean hat recently, we walked the streets of Pyenyang

for hours in a vain effort to find a single horsehair hat.

The city of Pyengyang has been largely rebuilt during the past few years. Residences are more attractive than they used to be. Fine brick and concrete store buildings rise three and four and even five stories above brilliantly lighted streets. Vari-colored neon electric signs are everywhere changing as you look till Main street in Pyengyang might be any Main street in the United States except that the signs are in Chinese or in Japanese instead of in English. Automobiles are not as thick as in America, but bicycles are worse.

Our station compound, once entirely outside the city to the West is now almost in the center of a city of 187,000 people; a city full of factories and foundries with great chimneys belching smoke till the smoke cloud over the city looks like Chicago or Pittsburgh in the distance.

EDUCATIONAL WORK

In taking up the different classes of our work separately in this year's report, we will consider first the educational work, not because there is much that we can wisely say regarding the educational work, but because the educational problem has undoubtedly occupied first place this year in our minds and hearts.

As already stated, in accordance with the mission's policy of withdrawal from educational work and with the instructions of the Executive Committee of the mission, no entering classes were received in April either in the college or in our two academies.

During the year two attempts have been made by Koreans to have our schools transferred to Korean management. The first effort, made in December and January failed because of disagreement among the men who were pushing the matter. Later two citizens of Pyengyang came forward with a proposition to take over and operate the three schools as private schools with no church or mission connection or responsibility; proposing to reimburse the Board to the extent of its original investment for whatever part of the school property was turned over to them. This later proposition was presented in writing by the Koreans concerned directly to the two Board secretaries, Dr. Leber and Dodds in March. Much publicity has been given to this proposition in Pyengyang and every effort put forth by those seeking to take over the schools to secure public backing for their plan. Since the requests were presented directly to the Board's representatives, no station or mission action was taken. It has seemed best to leave the matter entirely in the hands of the Board in New York.

We wish to express the appreciation of the station of the faithful way Dr. Mowry, Miss Swallen and Mr. Chung Tu-Hyen have stood by their posts during the past year. In spite of the unrest, there has been no serious disturbance in any of the schools.

Last term there were 127 students in the college. This term there are 66. It has been a most trying year for the President, Dr. Mowry; but he reports that better work has been done by the students than he could have hoped for under the circumstances. The total number of graduates

from the college to date is 410. Two evangelistic teams were sent out last year. The college united with the Presbytery and the C.E. Union in a summer conference for young people. Regular classes were suspended and a Bible Class held for a week for all students just before the Christmas vacation. The college grounds have been markedly improved by the erection of a brick wall 300 yards in length running along the main street east of the college.

Mr. Chung Tu-Hyen, the principal of the Boys' Academy, has conducted this institution with exceptional ability during the year and has done his best to carry out the wishes of the Board of Control. Last term there were 460 students in the Boys' Academy; this term there are 395, 53 graduated in March. The Boys' Academy now has 731 alumni. 35 students taught in Daily Vacation Bible Schools last summer. 40 are teaching in Sunday Schools.

In the Girls' Academy, heavy responsibility has fallen upon the principal, Miss Olivette Swallen, because of the retirement of Miss Snook and the absence of Miss Bergman. In her annual report, the principal mentioned especially the faithfulness of the dean, Mr. Kim Sung-Sup. During the summer, Daily Vacation Bible schools were conducted by 62 Academy girls in 38 churches and villages. At Thanksgiving time, the Girls' Academy students met with students from other Presbyterian schools in the city in a Thanksgiving program in the College auditorium at which time Yen 591 was contributed for the support of a Korean evangelist in Manchuria. During the year the Girls' Academy students contributed a total of Yen 466 for various evangelistic and charitable objects. 46 girls were graduated from the Middle School department and 12 from the Kindergarten Training Course.

The Pyenyang Foreign School, of which Mr. Reiner is principal, has had a good year in spite of an unusual amount of sickness. The attendance this year is 101 of whom 25 come from China, 8 from Manchuria and 1 from Japan Proper. The school is losing heavily in teachers this year with Dr. Miller and Mr. Ross leaving and Mr. and Mrs. Malsbary going on furlough. The Malsbarys have made such a contribution, both to the Foreign School and to the Korean Church for eight years. We rejoice that they plan to return to us after furlough. We also rejoice greatly over the appointment of Miss Lois Blair [daughter of William N. Blair] to the Foreign School as a regular member of the Northern Presbyterian Mission. Miss Blair has been with us as a teacher six years. Miss Dorothy Adams [daughter of James E. Adams] was compelled to return to America in April because of sickness. We are glad to hear that she is much better and expects to return to us next year. The school was most fortunate in securing Miss Margaret Hunt to take Miss Adams' place in the dormitory.

EVANGELISTIC WORK

In spite of the seriousness of the educational situation, or perhaps because of it, since it has brought us into a new reliance upon God's guidance and help, the past year has been one of the best, evangelistically, we have ever had. There have been no great movements or special revival programs, but throughout the year there has been the manifest presence and blessing of the Spirit of God Himself. We have felt it in all our different contacts with the churches and the Bible classes we have taught and the results are seen in increased congregations and many new church

buildings. In many parts of our work settled pastorates are very common. Some churches having their own individual pastors, while in other places, three or four churches are united under the care of one pastor. Brick churches, which are quite common in the city, are now seen dotting the landscape in increasing numbers all over the country. Whatever the architecture the church buildings and grounds around them are far neater and more attractive than they used to be, reflecting the better homes and living condition of the people themselves.

The reports of those in charge of country territories are very encouraging. Dr. Bernheisel reports nearly 50 churches and groups in the Whangju county territory. Some of them are large and flourishing congregations numbering hundreds of people supporting their own pastors and church workers. The moderator of General Assembly is one of these pastors. In the Sūan county territory there are 27 groups in this difficult field. Dr. Bernheisel says that it requires 325 miles of travel by auto and 50 miles of walking to make the round of the circuit once.

In Dr. Blair's territory 33 of the 52 churches are under Korean pastors and one of these churches has over 1000 adherents. As elsewhere there are many new church buildings. Dr. Blair's report mentions a young Japanese business man who became a Christian five years ago. He contributes generously to the support of the church and since he speaks Korean quite well teaches in the Sunday School. He has a large business with some 50 employees. After struggling long over the Sunday question he finally made his decision and closes his business on Sunday.

Dr. Clark, in addition to his teaching in the Theological Seminary and many other duties, is also in charge of a territory of 45 churches. Seven Korean pastors assist in caring for this work. Dr. Clark says "every church is full to overflowing. Four congregations are erecting new buildings, one costing 3000 yen. Every church this year had a week of Bible study and revival, and most of them had separate classes for men and women".

Mr. Phillips in reporting his country work says:- "In the fall a good part of our time was spent with church officers and pastors studying the word with them and planning the work. There is a fine fellowship with these church workers. Most of them are men we have seen grow up in the church. Many of them we baptized and admitted to the church long ago. Some, even, we sprinkled as infants and now we see them as leaders of their churches. There is an ever increasing interest and joy in country work where one has had the privilege of ministering in one field for 27 years". Eight of the churches and groups enlarged or rebuilt their church buildings last year.

Dr. Mowry reports "there have been only three or four Sundays during the whole year where I have not been out to the country churches, and many times for Wednesday evening prayer meetings or other meetings", which is a wonderful record when we remember the educational difficulties he has also had to carry. In one of the younger groups the Christian men banded themselves together for cooperative work in their farming because it would be difficult for them to drop out of the non-Christian cooperative work on Sundays.

Mr. Hill has a territory which is largely mountainous and sparsely settled, so that many of the 60 or more churches and groups are very small. Eight pastors help in caring for this wide

field. The larger groups start work in nearby places and thus new torches are lit to carry the light of the gospel up these dark mountain valleys. Every year believers move from these little churches to more favored places, but it is remarkable how the few remaining will rise to the occasion and carry on the church services.

Mr. Kinsler reports that among the new church buildings in the Western Presbytery - the new edifice of First Church in Chinnampo has an auditorium seating 3000 [?] people, and ample room and equipment for its large Sunday School, its Kindergarten and other activities. The Christian Endeavor Society of Tai Pyung district conducts every fall a preaching campaign and house to house visitation to cover every church and home in the district. They also carry the support of a young evangelist. One Sunday this spring eight churches united for worship on the top of a centrally located mountain. Lunch was eaten between the two services and over a thousand men, women and children were present for this worship and fellowship together.

Men's Bible Institute. The principal, Mr. Hill, reports that there were 224 students this year and that they showed usual earnestness in their studies and a great desire to prepare themselves for Christian service. This spring the fulfillment of long standing desires was seen in the opening of the Higher Department of the Institute. While only about 20 [?] were expected, nearly 80 were enrolled and about a dozen had to be turned away. We hope eventually to have a three year's course of eight months each.

Women's Bible Institute. Miss Butts is principal, and Miss Hayes, Mrs. Blair, Mrs. Bernheisel, Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Mowry also help in the teaching. Miss Butts reports that this is the second year in which we have had both winter and spring terms. The change is greatly appreciated by the students. In the winter term there was an enrollment of 94 and in the spring term 176, of which 26 graduated in June. We often have many students from other places. This spring we had 23 from different parts of Korea and 7 from Manchuria. Most of our institute women have already been engaged in different forms of church work and come desiring better preparation, so special emphasis is laid on church work and personal evangelism with practical work assignments. The missionary society is contributing ¥80 towards the support of an evangelist in Manchuria this coming year.

Girl's Bible Institute. Miss Hayes, principal, reports that 127 girls were enrolled and 14 were graduated. At present the term is only one month. The girls are very anxious for a longer opportunity to study. We are planning to extend the term to six weeks next Fall and hope eventually to make it a full length term. As soon as possible there should be more than one term, and an equally attractive institute should be provided for our girls as for our women.

Women's Bible Classes. In the fall a group of Bible Institute graduate students and others were invited to a two week's class to prepare to teach Bible classes in the country churches. 132 women responded to the call. The Women's Biblical Seminary students prepared either in this class or in a special class for the same purpose. These women went out with thousands of study outlines and tracts and held 251 classes with a total attendance of 12,569 women and girls. The arrangements for these classes were made mainly by the wives of the missionaries who have

charge of the country territories, and were it not for their interest and care in arranging for each class, we would not have had this fine showing.

For the last two or three years on account of the large attendance in the two March classes, we have had three instead of two. Only those who paid the enrollment fee were counted. In the first class they were 955 women and girls; in the second 887; and in the third 775, making a total of 2617 for the three classes. Many more came for a longer or shorter length of time without enrolling. Though we were terribly crowded everybody seemed happy. Miss Hayes, head of the committee in charge, and a large corps of capable workers, Korean and missionary, very ably cared for the teaching and management of the classes.

Most of our buildings were built thirty or forty years ago and have rendered splendid service through the years; but we greatly need a more efficient place to care for our Institutes and classes. We are hoping and praying that in the changes being made in the station's work, either some of the present buildings may come to us, or some of the money coming from their sale may be given us for the proper housing of our work.

Theological Seminary. Dr. Roberts, the President, reports that they now have the largest attendance of years (131). In March a class of 39 was graduated, and in April an entering class of 51 was received. Three members of the faculty (Drs. Moffett, Engel, and Reynolds) after giving long years of service, have returned to their home land. At the time of the Korean new year, the Seminary was closed for a week and all the students and some of the faculty went out to over 100 churches for Bible teaching and revival meetings.

Women's Biblical Seminary. (Formerly known as the Women's Higher Bible School). Mrs. Baird is principal and Miss McCune gives a large part of her time to teaching here. Mrs. Baird reports that "besides carrying a heavy schedule of Bible Study and related subjects the students visit in 4 hospitals and hold noonday meetings in 17 factories. They have meetings for government school girls, conduct 3 Bible classes weekly for nurses, a Sunday School at the orphanage, two meetings a week at the street chapel and a weekly meeting for bus girls. They also conduct a club of over 300 children every afternoon. Many thousands of tracts are given out during the year by these students. During their Christmas vacation they held 32 country Bible classes with an attendance of 2336 and reported 133 new believers." The gospel music department has been developed and there are two choruses and a glee club. 17 young women were graduated in March and all are in positions. The entering class numbered fifty. A dormitory for this institution is urgently needed.

Gideon Bibles. The old style Korean inn has been largely replaced in Pyengyang by clean, neat appearing Korean and Japanese hotels often having 20 or more rooms. Dr. Swallen, with the help of the British and Foreign Bible Society, had placed 653 Gideon Bibles in 53 of the Korean and Japanese hotels - 566 in Korean and 87 in Japanese hotels. They are all hung in neat book racks in each room and [in] the offices of practically every Korean and a number of the Japanese hotels of the city.

Personal Work. Speaking to individuals and groups on the street is vigorously carried on by many of our students and missionaries with most satisfactory results. Through the speaking to one man by Mr. Malsbary a few months ago, a new church is being started in a non-Christian village, as families have turned their fetishes and a hundred or more meet for services on Sunday. They are making preparations to build a church this summer. How far-reaching are the results of a word fitly spoken even on the busy streets.

Work in the city. The smaller churches on the outskirts of the city continue to grow. One across the river has grown to a congregation of 400 or 500 and has secured its own pastor. Two other churches over there have new church buildings which will seat about 300 each and have already begun to be crowded. A new church has already been built by one and two more are expected to be built this summer. Among the older churches, one organized a little over 30 years ago, is now building a new modern, brick church for which over ¥40 has already been subscribed. Most of the ladies of the station attend the women's Sunday Schools in different parts of the city. The Pastors Association, and also the Women Church Worker's organization both meet monthly in the missionary homes and thus give us another fine point of contact with the church life of the city.

SOCIAL SERVICE AND MEDICAL.

"Knowing that he was come from God and went to God... he took a towel and girded himself... and began to wash... feet" when the impetuous one wanted not feet only but also hands and head washed - - and though only the blood of Jesus can wash away sin, yet Heralds of the Towel in His name go out to wash feet or hands or head to prepare temples for His indwelling.

First, the fact - calling in homes of the poor, for though, as stated before, there has been great material development toward a city beautiful and marked improvement in living and sanitary conditions, still in the homes of the poor, one's heart is often wrung by filth or degradation or disease. For this is an industrial city, sprung up in a country where land tillers are losing their holdings and all unskilled flock to the factories. Life is tenacious and some find root again, but others, clogging the wheels of modern industry, are mangled by them. Money or food or fuel doled out by a trust-worthy Korean, a bit given to certain churches or for a poor house or beggar's shelter eases our conscience a mite but does not cleanse away the filth in which these feet are treading.

Then the hands - self-help departments in all the schools, practice farming, the Dairy, considered a model by the Government, and the Morning Calm Products Company, each with a 16,000 to 20,000 yen business, which have had a prosperous year under Mr. Reiner's management during the absence of Mr. Lutz, the success of the Morning Calm Products Co. being evidenced by the development of several canning companies, patterned after our own. The Anna Davis Shops, missing greatly our chief herald of character-building through hand training, Mr. Robert McMurtrie, are now operated under a competent Korean manager but require much attention from Mr. Reiner, the treasurer. The shops have continued to serve the foreign community throughout Korea. With the changes coming in our schools, however, the need of such an institution and a

self-help department largely disappears and we are forced to contemplate possible sale or discontinuance. The Lulu Wells Institute has continued under the superintendence of Miss Doriss to train girls and widows denied other opportunities for education. As one phase of self-help department, special work in pattern weaving and work with wool has been done under the able direction of Miss Ketcham who has given her services almost without remuneration, affording thirty two girls their livelihood. This too is a business proposition with a fair amount of profit to go into additional equipment, and looked upon with favor by Government officials because the home industries in cotton and silk are being crowded out by factory muslins and rayon, and inherent skill should not be lost because of changing styles. A new venture is to train blind girls in the preparation of wool for weaving. Almost from the beginning, these afflicted ones have been cared for, girls by Methodist missionaries, and boys, at first by Mrs. Alice Fish Moffett, and now after a long interval, by Koreans themselves. They are raising funds for a dormitory as they thus hope to so reduce expenses that many more poor boys can come in. Dust off the street and spittle - - but the blind man saw! So slender means are bringing new light to many. Deaf and dumb are also taught in the boys's school.

Then the head - there are the two evils which defile the whole man - intemperance and prostitution. Prevention through education, oratorical contests in Theological Seminary, Women's Biblical Seminary, and Boy's Academy with prizes of fifteen to twenty yen each given by missionaries, forty copies of "Effects of Alcohol on the Body" placed in eight schools by Mrs. Bernheisel, the *Temperance Times*, sent out with a circulation of 3000 a month, edited by the Rev. Song Sang Suk, Korea's outstanding crusader, who has spent much time this year trying to get a law forbidding the sale of liquor and tobacco to all under twenty, already enforced in Japan proper, applied here. When one high official who had been unsympathetic toward the proposed law asked for proof that liquor had ever harmed any youth, Mrs. Song had quantities of proof, from the records of boys in reform schools especially. E.C. Hennigar, veteran temperance worker in Japan, is giving a month to Korean and Japanese schools in the peninsula and we are looking for large results.

Station members have given funds to carry on rescue work in Fusan where girls arriving and departing by boat are particularly the prey of human sharks, and to the *Home for Girls in Need* under Federal Council and Salvation Army management. But similar work is needed in this city, famed all through the centuries as furnishing the finest dancing girls. A few cases have come to the missionaries, and girls have been aided in buying release from lives of shame, and this spring the group of women workers in the churches which meets with the missionary ladies each month has sent out one of their number to proclaim liberty to the captives.

Public health and Child Welfare work are largely preventive, even our own children benefitting by Dr. [Bernetta] Block's health hygiene and posture clinics and various ones on the hospital staff do their bit. Lectures on tuberculosis were given in all the Mission schools except the Seminary in connection with the Christmas Tuberculosis Seal campaign, directed by Mrs. Smith, which brought in Yen 515.00, of which Yen 200.00 came back from the central committee for use in our T.B. Sanitarium. This was over one ninth of the total sales in all Korea and we are praying that the books sold may be carrying on the good work until another seal comes out. The

collections taken on the World's Day of Prayer for Women, amounting to Yen 86.38 were given for tuberculosis work in the hospital - - and nurses gave the addresses in five meeting places on that day, on the dread scourge.

The work of the Bible Clubs for poor children has continued uninterrupted during the year under the direction of Mr. Kinsler with a marked increase in attendance during the spring term. The group meeting in the Women's Bible Institute building has an all-time record enrollment of over 300. Students of the Theological Seminary now supply a majority of the leaders of the clubs, others coming from among the students of the Women's Biblical Seminary and the College and Boy's Academy. Graduates of the clubs themselves are now being recruited for service in teaching the club children and five such leaders who give their services every day are among the most loyal leaders of the clubs.

The hospital seeks to cleanse the body every whit from head to toe as well as heal mind and soul. The past year 2068 inpatients were ministered to for a total of 22,094 inpatient days and in the dispensary 19,457 individuals were seen and treated 89,473 times. Among these many sufferers 265 are known to have definitely accepted Christ as their personal Saviour from sin, and there must have been many more known only to Him with whom they were brought face to face in either hospital or dispensary.

But while ministering to the aches and pains of others, the Hospital itself has been afflicted with growing pains and the ten percent increase in attendance has necessitated more help - the staff now including pupil nurses four (including Miss Myers). Miss Edith Phillips, one of our Pyenyang family, has given much time this year as assistant technician in the laboratory. The annual budget now exceeds Yen 200,000. The work has decidedly outgrown the original properties of the two Methodist Missions, while even our newer Presbyterian dispensary, enlarged by twelve rooms last year is overcrowded and our isolation ward too small. Already the plant is inadequate and most of the equipment outdated, but we have visions of a way out. The rapid development of the city westward has placed the hospital on what promises to be one of the busiest corners of the city in a few years. We have had definite offers for our property at figures which would make possible the erection of a modern, fireproof hospital and dispensary, under one roof. It is hoped that in the shifts of institutional properties now in process of being made, land can be allotted to our Union Christian Hospital for a realization of this vision of enlarged usefulness. We cannot minister to all the needy and suffering. But with no larger expenditure of energy and means than at present it should be possible to do our work more efficiently and therefore minister more effectively in the name of Him who "girded himself with a towel and washed.....feet" so humbly.

LITERARY WORK

Along with other work carried, each year sees its quota of books and magazine and newspaper articles contributed by members of the station. Literary work can be briefly reported: but often represents years of study and preparation. Dr. Clark has recently revised his English book on "The Nevius Methods" and has contributed 70 pages to the *Theological Review* this year.

He has also served as business manager of the *Theological Review* and the *Temperance Magazine*.

Dr. W.L. Swallen, though supposed to be retired, has again revised his *Life of Our Lord* in Korean and his book on the Revelation entitled, *Light on the Book of Revelation*. His new book, *Light on the Book of Daniel* is now ready for the press as is his latest book, *Difficult Bible Problems Answered*.

Much work on the new Standard Bible Commentary has been done this year by Dr. Roberts. Both Dr. Roberts and Dr. Bernheisel have contributed frequent articles to the *Theological Review*.

Miss McCune has revised her book, *Three Christian Worthies*, which is being re-published. Her new book, *Finney's Revival Lectures* was sold out shortly after being published and is being re-published. Her translation of the English book, *Life of Alexander Mackay*, is now ready for the press. She has also nearly completed two commentaries, one on James and one on Job.

In the fall Mr. Phillips published by mission order an attractive *Summary of the Mission Reports* for the use of the Board. Mrs. Roberts has given much time to editing our station newspaper, the *Pyongyang News*. Nearly all the members of the station have contributed articles to the *Pyongyang News* and to the *Korea Mission Field* and to church papers at home.

In concluding our report there are several items that we wish to mention especially. The three presbyteries in this province are now engaged in a campaign to raise large funds for ministerial insurance pensions owing to a generous offer of Dr. Moffett's to double up to a certain limit whatever amount the presbyteries may raise for this purpose.

Unusual interest this year has been shown by members of the station in the study of Japanese. About 20 members of the station and community have attended twice a week a Japanese language study class taught by Miss Sato. The Japanese Ladies Bible Study Class has been continued this year as heretofore. After Mrs. Engel's departure, Mrs. Phillips lead the weekly Bible Hour with the Japanese ladies. Mrs. Smith has had charge of the English study period. We wish to express our gratitude that Dr. and Mrs. Swallen, though honorably retired from the Mission, have been able to remain with us. Their home has been the prayer center of the Station all through this trying year. We would earnestly ask the prayers of our friends not only for ourselves but for our children. There are at present twenty-six children from our homes in Pyongyang in America. Of our twelve families, all but two have one or more children in the United States. We especially request your prayers for the Korean Church which is going through a time of severe testing. May God help us all these days to be true to Him and to the stewardship entrusted to us.

(from the microfilm records of the Board of Foreign Missions in the Presbyterian Historical Society, Philadelphia, Series I (1903-1957), Reel #2, Korea Mission Reports, Record Group 140-7-8)

Monrovia, California

June 20, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Howard:

We were delighted to get your letter from Montreat and while it came one day later than we expected it, paid us for our waiting. We shall keep on praying for all your hitch-hiking and trust you come through.

Mother is apparently all O.K. now and we all feel relieved. She was a pretty sick woman for a while - but I think it is all over now. She is looking after breakfast and supper now - while the cook comes each day for dinner. Thankful! Oh how thankful I am that she has recovered.

A letter from Uncle Howard tells of Aunt Susie coming out to visit her boy, Will, at Santa Barbara so we may see her out here in California. Also he speaks of Elizabeth coming to Madison for her vacation.

I rather hope you may have dropped in at Madison while you are traveling here and there. We shall look for your weekly letters from wherever you happen to be and will rejoice over your experiences.

Be sure you write to Sam every week. He is the one who will appreciate letters this summer. Also keep on praying for him and may he have a rich spiritual experience this summer.

Watch out for your own health and keep yourself in good shape this summer. May the Lord watch over and keep you.

Affectionately,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

June 20, 1937

Lucia F. Moffett

Dearest Howdie,

The postmark of your letter was a surprise! By this time you are, I suppose, at work in the heat, but thank Fortune! we do not need to think of the weather unless we are foolish enough to let it bother us as an emissary from below instead of from God. As long as we see His hand or His permission in everything I guess we can be happy, even if melted.

Will there be some things you can do in distributing Sam's *Tower* this summer, as well as in going forward with your own? I am so anxious to get one and so glad you boys help each other so beautifully. Yet your time will be very full even without dishwashing.

We'll be looking for you next month, my dear. I wish we had more recreation to offer you but perhaps you'll like us anyway.

Tom is punching away on the typewriter.

Yours with a heart full of love,

Mother

Baseball goes on every night on the school grounds across the street. Tom is beginning to wish it didn't. It keeps him awake till 9:30.

What was the name, religious affiliation, etc. of Sam's printer, at Dixon? It never pays to deal with non-Christians, I think. We don't understand them, yet certainly a good deal of prayer preceded his choice.

Is your editor pleasant to work with? He writes well.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

June 20, 1937

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Howard,

Say, you sure did have luck going down to Montreat in such a short time. I suppose you're working your head off by now.

I'm having quite a lot of fun at Bible School. Mr. Davis needed help in the woodworking class so I'm helping him. It's a lot of work but it's fun, too. I have to trace patterns of things which they are going to make and then separate the patterns so that one can be given to each of 45 boys to cut out. I go to school at nine and we learn hymns and memory verses until nine thirty when I go in and start helping. At 10:30 the boys come in and the real work begins. We have to help some of the younger ones and keep giving out patterns and sometimes when we run short of a pattern I have to make more while I'm continuously being asked to do this and that.

I've changed my plans for camp and am going to camp a week earlier. That will be this next Saturday, and am coming back on the 19th instead of the 26th. I'll be going to Scout camp all the same.

Last night I went to a Church picnic, and I had swell sport. I and some others helped make the ice cream and got an extra cone for it. I also won a game and got another for that, so I had three of them. We sure had a swell supper, too.

Mother and I have been doing most of the housework lately and she gets me up at 7:30 every morning to clean rugs and wash the supper dishes.

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

June 20, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Home again, and all ready to begin hitting the books again in the morning. I brought Johnny Wilson back with me from Montreat to stay here a few days before going back. He's sleeping just now - and I feel much like doing the same, tho I had a little better luck coming back. We left late Friday morning and I arrived about ten last night while he had to spend the night in Indianapolis and come on this morning. The night before we parked by the roadside, taking turns watching for cars and sleeping. It was sure cold!

Well, vacation is over for a while now, but I'm mighty glad I spent the week in Montreat. It's about the nicest place I know for a cool rest and lazy good time in the summer. Roy and I started up Mt. Mitchell, the highest in the East - one day but decided it was too hot work about half-way and came down. Another day Jim Wilson drove us into Asheville for the Rhododendron parade and pageant.

Whew! But it's hot back here around Chicago! I keep feeling I've got to get outside where I can breathe. Sid Dodd registered for me yesterday and it seems that I won't be able to take the extra hour of lab work after all, as it requires a partner and no one else is taking it. So as it is I'll have lecture and class work from 8 to 10 every morning and lab from 10:30 - 12:30, with an extra two hours of lecture on Fridays - giving me four hours credit.

A card from Uncle Azel says he'll be going thru to Oregon about the 1st of July, but that's too early for me. Awfully glad to hear Mother is so much better, and hope the summer does you all good. Tom doesn't seem to be finding much time to waste. That's good, Mutso. Keep busy.

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Antler, North Dakota

June 22, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Two services gone, and I am greatly encouraged. Several people have come up to me and said how glad they were to hear real fundamental sermons again. This Sunday I spoke on "Go ye into all the world", and other "Go's" of Jesus - mostly a mission sermon, in contrast to the "Come unto me" of the week before. I have also started young people's meetings in the evening, and last night had 10 out for the first one.

Received the packages of books this week. You certainly picked grand ones. I'm reading Edersheim now. I shall thank Mrs. Brodhead for them.

The people up here are great - very friendly - very Scotch for the most part, but there are quite a few Scandinavians. The treasurer of the church is postmaster here. Mr. Tex Haar, county commissioner, is also one of my church-members. I was out to his home for dinner last night. His father marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea. Prospects for a crop are the best for many years. All is green, quite different from the brownness of the fields when I was in Rolette last summer.

Had a grand week with Charlie up at the Conference on Lake Metigoshe. I was on the faculty but had little to do but eat, sleep, swim and play baseball. Charlie had a class in Missions - enrollment 55, one of the largest classes there. I'm a little scared about conducting a Bible School - but Friday I'm going to Rolette to see how Charlie and Marion run theirs.

Just received word that the *Towers* came out in time for graduation - which is a relief. Haven't seen one yet, though. A letter from Howard reports a good trip to South Carolina.

I'm staying at the home of an old, deaf lady here, Grandma Wright, mother of the postmaster. She is very good to me. I overslept breakfast this morning so she brought some up to me.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

probably around June 24 or 25, 1937
[undated letter]

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Sam, [his son, Samuel Hugh Moffett who is serving two small churches in North Dakota for the summer]

[First part of letter missing]

The Brodheads and Mrs. Wood have been most helpful. What we could have done without them I know not. Another ten days will probably tell us whether we can hope for real improvement [He is speaking of his wife, Lucia's condition]. The doctor thought quiet and rest most needful so for some ten days I have not been to see her. Am hoping for another few days of rest - when I hope to see her again.

In making up my will I have designated you as the legetee to all my property, you to get all but with the moral responsibility of dividing up as you think best in its distribution so as to see that proper steps are taken to care for Tom's education and also some additions to what you and Howard are to receive above that which you already have as you and Howard's own so as to finish up your education - and after that you can allocate to Jim's and Charles' use a proportionate fund.

They agree that you three must first get your education - before anything goes to them.

Uncle Howard is Executor - so you can if need be talk it all over with him and you judge accordingly. I hope my estate does not need to be settled for some time to come but I want you to know this and in advance.

Lots and lots of love. May you be richly blessed in your Gospel message.

Lovingly,

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

June 27, 1937

Howard F. Moffett

Dear Folks,

Just at present I'm wasting a little time over here at Addison Sewell's [graduate assistant in chemistry] place and can't get hold of anything better than Dat's stationery to write on, so will use that.

One-fourth of the way thru, and I feel every bit of it. The Physics isn't so bad, and Doc Taylor is plenty nice, but it gets awfully monotonous sitting in class all morning long. My daily routine runs somewhat along this order: Up at seven, devotions and breakfast by eight, classes till 12:30, lunch, an hour of reading in the library, an hour of sleep whenever I can afford the time, study till six, tennis after supper till 8:30, some more studying or *Tower* work or interviews with possible contractors, etc. till 10:00 - then lights out, though often it's somewhat later. I try to get in a few minutes on my trombone every day as I haven't touched it since last fall, and also write quite a few letters.

Cousin Cara wrote a little while ago, and was very anxious to see some of our family again, or at least to hear from them. I wrote.

Yesterday I did quite a bit of house-cleaning, as Dean Emerson may be down anytime to see if we're really working for our rooms or just loafing. There are five of us in the house now that Mrs. Roy is away cooking for a Y.M.C.A. camp up in Wisconsin.

Sam wrote me a good letter the other day, and seems to be getting along with his new duties splendidly. Even sermons don't hold the same terror for him, though the Ladies Aid Society is causing him a little worry!

Carl Henry is very easy to get along with, though it's hard for me to hold some of his wild ideas in check. He's very imaginative, keeps extremely busy, and knows plenty.

I taught Sunday School at Mooseheart this morning - a bunch of about twenty fifteen-year-old girls! Rather disconcerting, but I'll hope for boys next time. I can deal with them better. I think this business of teaching S.S. does me a whole lot more good than my class, as I really have to study my Scripture instead of just reading it over as in my devotions. I suppose I should do the former daily too, but it's so hard to find sufficient time.

We've had several all-time highs in temperature for certain dates this last week, but it's a bit cooler today.

Archie, Don, & Elsie Fletcher dropped in on us for an hour or so yesterday on their way out to Nebraska where they are to meet their folks. We had a swell get-together with Eleanor ands Dat.

I received a statement to the effect that I would receive the \$100 per semester next year for tuition as I expected. All of which helps.

So you've been working hard at Bible School have you, Mutso? I'm glad you're going to camp a week earlier, so you'll be at home when we come. In the meantime don't let Mother work too hard on the dishes, etc. It's fine how rapidly she has improved. We do have much to be thankful for.

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Dear Folks:

Three weeks in North Dakota, and I'm still living. Haven't even seen a dust-storm yet, but I've had a little N.D. weather. Wednesday morning the thermometer outside hit 104, and then crack! bang! and the sky was black, the rain came in torrents, the wind blew down trees and it hailed. It was almost chilly by mid-afternoon.

I did a lot of visiting during the week, getting acquainted. The people are very friendly, and very optimistic about prospects for their first crop in seven years. But on Friday I took the train for a 2-hour ride to Omamee where Marion met me and drove me to Rolette. I went down to see how they were running their Vacation Bible School. I was easily persuaded to stay overnight and came back Saturday. Friday afternoon, though, there was a circus in town, and we went. Oh what a gyp it was. I've seen better in Korea one-fifth the price. Most interesting was to see how many ways they had of getting your money out of you. The Big Show opened an hour late, but all the side-shows, extra-charge, opened early to entice you in from the hot sun. Once inside we were cheerfully informed that no seats were available without programs (10¢). We disregarded this. Then we were confronted with a vast array of reserved (25¢) seats. Way down in one corner were the free seats - good enough for us.

Next Sunday is the 4th of July. I'm not just sure yet what to preach on. Last week I started a series on the seven miracles recorded in John's gospel, suggested by an outline of my philosophy professor two years ago.

Turning the Water into Wine -- Christ the Man
 Healing the Nobleman's Son -- Christ the Manifestator
 Man at Pool of Bethesda - - - - Christ the Master
 Feeding the 5000 - - - - - Christ the Manna
 Walking on the Water - - - - - Christ the Mystery
 Healing the man born blind - - - Christ the Messiah
 Raising of Lazarus - - - - - Christ the Maker, Creator

Charlie had the same course when he was in school and wrote his seminary thesis along somewhat the same lines. It should make a good series - the congregation seemed to like the first one. I had 51 out to church. Ladies' Aid comes this Wednesday.

I'm beginning to get used to the place, though at first it seemed queer to have no electricity or running water. Baths don't seem to be common-place. I went swimming at the creek the other day and brought back more dirt than I took.

I'm sending some of the pictures from my first roll of film. They're not bad considering that most are experiments. I'm carefully reserving my prize double-exposures, out of focus, and light-struck shots. Herewith a legend:

6/28/1937 - p.2 S.H.M.

1. Brother Howard cramming for chemistry or anthropology exam.
2. Room-mate Roberts emerging plutocratically from the bank.
3. C'est moi! J'étude. Observe Hirohito on the wall.
4. The tennis team - gloriously undefeated and quite swell-headed.
L. to R. John Sanderson, mgr., Howie Fischer, H. & S. Moffett, and Warren Kent - that was the order we played.
5. H.&S. Moffett again. Dinner at Roy's.
6. H. Moffett shows form on a backhand. I might have been closer!
7. Exams over and I scoot for N. Dakota, but there's a flat tire in Minnesota.
Charlie wields the crank, the girl is Lillian Olson who helped around the house when Alice Louise was born. If you look hard you'll see the niece at the window.
8. Camp at Lake Metigoshe - a group of unidentifiable students and Miss Reese, a teacher.
9. Charlie's Missions class at Metigoshe
10. Charlie's and my prayer group of section 4, boys at Metigoshe.
11. The Moffetts of Rolette.

Any of these you want mark on the back and I'll get prints for you.

Lovingly,

Sam

P.S. Had 13 out to Young People's last night. Started them in on Bible Drill.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

Tuesday, June 29, 1937

Samuel Austin Moffett

Dear Miss Fortin: [postcard addressed to Miss Mary Fortin, 594 19th St., Oakland, CA]

Things seemed to have moved nicely until 5 or 6 days ago when all went to pieces and we have put L[ucia] in a sanatorium not knowing what is [to] be the outcome.

Please pray for us. She has apparently lost her reason. We shall keep on praying, hoping the Lord will interfere to give us the victory.

Yours sincerely,

Samuel A. Moffett

(From the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Jerks Lake
[postcard mailed from Seven Oaks, California]

June 29, 1937

Thomas Fish Moffett

Dear Mother and Father,

We got here at about nine with no adventures. It's a swell place and I've got swell cabin mates.

Bob McAnlis is one and the leader is the one who was leader in Friendly Indians. I had a good swim and it's about time for dinner so I'll quit.

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California
311½ Wild Rose Ave.

July 5, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Tom:

Am glad to hear that you are having a good time and hope it keeps up. Make the most of it and let me know when you plan to come home. I received by mail the enclosed \$2⁰⁰ receipt - which I suppose you ought to have in settling accounts.

We took Mother to the "Kimball Sanitarium" and we are hoping for good treatment there. Keep on praying for her.

I enclose letters from Sam & Howard. Send them back to me. Take time to read them and a second time.

Lovingly,

Father
Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California
311½ Wild Rose Ave.

July 8, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Tom:

How greatly I miss you and yesterday & today especially, for Mrs. Cobb had a touch of the sun and has not been here for two days. So I have gotten dinner as well as breakfast & supper.

I wish I could tell of Mother's condition. Keep on praying. She is at the Sanitarium and we hope for improvement.

When do you come home - and do you have another Camp at Catalina? If so, on what date?

Where are your letters? I have received only one postal card.

Lovingly,

Father
Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

July 10, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Father,

Your own letter and the papers from mother came all right, and I've written both Sam and Charles about their plans and mine. Sam of course will be staying in North Dakota the rest of the summer. I'm expecting word any day now from Charles as to whether he'll change his plans because Mrs. Brodhead won't be in Monrovia when we had planned to be there. I don't know if he'll be able to though, as his vacation is limited and pretty well set as to times, etc. I wonder though just what Jim is intending to do. I'll have to hear shortly from them, for I only have one more week of school here and plan to leave next Friday for North Dakota. And from there out to Monrovia, though if they delay their trip it'll change my plans, too. I'm not sure what I'll do then.

Has there been any sign of improvement in mother's condition? I suppose it's still too early to know anything definite, but how we do hope and pray for complete recovery!

What is Tom doing now, and what are your future plans for him? I suppose he'll be at camp for awhile yet.

I brought my grades for last semester up nearly five points in everything, but even that isn't very high. I'm coming out pretty well in Physics now.

We are anxiously awaiting further news from you about mother.

Lovingly,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Lake Tahoe, Nevada

July 28, 1937

Josephine P. Brodhead

My dear Miss Fortin:

Your letter was forwarded to me here and I received it this morning. I am sorry to say that I cannot give you much comfort in regard to Lucia's condition. I do not know when Dr. Moffett wrote you. Lucia arrived in this country the latter part of March suffering from hallucinations of persecution. She thought there were forces of evil working against her, that her food was being poisoned, etc., etc. The doctor in Monrovia advised perfect quiet and rest hoping she would or might come out of it soon. She did improve gradually and by the first week in June she was able to come to church. She attended on two Sunday mornings and then suddenly became much worse. She has not been violent, but wild in her appearance and her mind wildly flying from one thought to another and she constantly talked and was quite unmanageable. About a month ago we had to put her into a sanatorium. She has not been improving and Dr. Moffett and his two sons (Alice's boys who are visiting their father just now) were to see yesterday about moving her to Norwalk, a state institution. However, I received a letter from my daughter-in-law today saying that the doctor at the sanatorium says that if he could have her under his care a little longer she might pull out of it. It is a very expensive place and I hope Dr. Moffett will decide upon sending her to Norwalk for she will receive excellent care there.

The poor man is exceedingly nervous and he has been in Korea so long that this country is foreign to him and he is quite helpless in deciding problems. My son and I have been able to be of service to him in this crisis. I shall be glad to keep you informed about conditions.

Most sincerely,

Josephine P. Brodhead

(From the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Antler, North Dakota

July 29, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Father:

How soon will we be able to know anything more of Mother's condition. Do they give any news at the Sanitarium? There's only one thing we can do - and that is to pray that the Lord may spare her to us. It is strange and terrible that she should be struck in this way.

By this time, I guess, the gang has descended upon you. What a carful they were when I said goodbye on the road between Rolette and Bottineau. That baggage rack on top was a real life-saver.

I was very busy this Sunday. After the 11:00 o'clock service here at Antler, I tore twenty miles away for a 2:30 service at Brander, where the Rev. [Mr.] Schliek was away on vacation, and I topped it off with a final evening service at Omeme for Charles. In addition to all this I taught two Sunday School classes and gave a half-hour speech on Mission work in Korea. Dropped in on Mr. Risser, the minister at Bottineau, at midnight and borrowed his sofa for the rest of the night.

weighed myself the other day and was happy to discover that I've gained almost 10 pounds since I hit North Dakota. You can credit plenty of sleep and North Dakota farm cooking for that.

How is Tom making out? Back from Scout camp yet? Behave yourself, Mutso. Howard has instructions to discipline you thoroughly.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

August 3, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear: Mrs. Moffett
Mr. Brodhead

I learned from Mr. Azel Fish that Mrs. Moffett is paying taxes on a 40-acre lot near Lakeport, Lake County, California. She has a $\frac{1}{3}$ interest on it and is associated with Mr. James E. Hopkins who bought from Azel Fish his two-thirds interest in it.

Yours,

Samuel A. Moffett

[This hand-written note was enclosed in a small envelope together with one dated "January 3, 1938". Both notes were to be read in case the writer became incapacitated.]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Delormine [?], Manitoba, Canada

August 4, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

[postcard sent to his father, Samuel A. Moffett in Monrovia, California]

Dear Father:

Am still alive and well. Now off for a day in Canada with the Rissers, Presbyterian minister at Bottineau, [North Dakota]. Did Charles and the gang get off all right to New York? We continue to pray for mother.

The church affairs are running smoothly.

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Antler, North Dakota

August 13, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Father:

Received your good letter yesterday. The arrangements regarding the property are satisfactory to me. I recognize the responsibility and trust that I may not be called upon to exercise it for many years to come.

Was glad to get your postcard, Mutso. Howard reports that you play quite a game of tennis. Keep it up - then you'll show them at Wheaton. See that Howard behaves himself out there - at school I require him to get to bed by 9:00 and arise at 6:00 a.m. At least that would be healthy for him.

I've been getting quite a lot of reading done up here. Right now I'm deep in Romola by George Eliot, and the Scottish Pulpit by W.M. Taylor. This Sunday I have two services. One here at Antler as usual, and one in the afternoon at Brander, about 30 miles away. That is the Rev. Stan Schliek's church, but he is away on vacation like Charles and Marian, and the congregation asked me to hold service. So far I have received \$102.50 of my salary. My expenses come to \$7 or \$8 a week, but the trip up cost \$25, and the trip back will be about as much. I receive \$25 extra for travel to the field.

Lost my good Scheaffer pen last week and found it yesterday in the grass up on the public square. I'm making a lot of fine friends up here. These farmers are fine people - mighty friendly. Prospects of a crop are still pretty fair. They certainly need it.

Is it correct to say that Jesus died as a man, but rose again as very God?

I think you should take an hour out each day and begin an autobiography, or at least a detailed account of your early days in Korea. I know the Koreans call you the "Looking-Up-The-Road-Man" but it is well to look around once in a while to see whence we've come.

Tell Howard to hurry and get back here, if he's still messing around out there.

Lots of love,

Sam

No more news of Mother's condition, I suppose. It certainly hurts to know so little how she is.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

August 17, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Lucia:

I have just sent off a small package to you by parcel post which I hope soon reaches you. It contained underwear, garters, hair pins, etc.

Howard F. got off this morning, Mr. Brodhead taking him to the edge of [the] city towards Carpinteria as [he] had work this morning at that edge of [the] city. That was a good start off. [I] will try to get the other things you want.

May the Lord richly bless you and give you wanted strength and may he watch over you. [I] have written to Samlet [their son Samuel Hugh Moffett] and asked for a postal if he is too busy to write. [I] hope to have a good letter from him when I go in to see you again.

With lots & lots of love to you and another prayer to keep you in the Father's keeping.

Lovingly,
Sambo
Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Southington, Connecticut

August 19, 1937

Charles H. Moffett

[post card addressed to "Rev. Samuel A. Moffett, 311½ Wildrose Ave., Monrovia, California]

Dear Father:-

We leave here tomorrow to start the last lap of our trip which will bring us back to Rolette on next Thursday. It has been a wonderful trip but I know that I will be glad to get back home. We plan to spend tomorrow night with Jim and then we go to Madison where we expect to be Sunday evening. Monday evening in Chicago and Tuesday evening we plan to stop off to see Cousin Emma in Minneapolis. I expect to talk over the matters with Uncle Howard as you and I talked it over.

Last Sunday we all drove up to Northfield where we met the McCune family and had a picnic supper with them before hearing Dr. Speer speak in the evening. I had a grand talk with Dr. McCune. I told him about my visit to the Board rooms and we talked over the prospects of our appointment. He said he thought he could secure our support for us from a church in Pennsylvania. He expects to come out to California early in September.

Am glad to hear the encouraging word regarding Mother and we shall be much in prayer for her continued recovery. God bless you, father. I shall hope to hear from you when I get back to Rolette to know whether you have made any definite plans for Tom.

Much love,

Charles

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Antler, North Dakota

August 21, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

I am greatly relieved to hear of the improvement in Mother's condition, and I hope it will be permanent. We pray constantly that she may speedily return to health and strength.

Have been mighty busy today, driving an old Dodge truck around the country to collect contributions of food for the Ladies' Aid ice cream social this evening. Returned to freeze three freezers of ice cream, cart tables and chairs - - I feel like a good outside-man. Now I must dash off this letter and get dressed in time to reap some of the rewards of the work. The ice cream looked good.

Last Sunday I completed my series of sermons on the miracles of John's gospel, and tomorrow I am speaking, by request, on Korea and the Korea Mission. It's never hard for me to talk about home. Thursday I was asked to speak at a Civilian Conservation Corps camp about 30 miles from here. As soon as the fellows heard I was from Korea they wanted to know all about the war going on around Shanghai, who was going to win, whether Russia was about to fight, etc., as if I could predict with certainty the outcome. I told you didn't I that last Sunday I spoke twice, once here and once at Brander about 20 miles from here, where I had spoken once in July. I also had two Sunday School classes.

Tuesday and Wednesday I took a vacation and went to Bottineau to visit the Risser, Presbyterian minister there, and to play some tennis. Got in six good sets, and felt a lot better. Borrowed what looks like a good book from him, *Jesus Came Preaching*, by Dr. George A. Buttrick which deals with some of the problems facing the preacher today. Have also read the *Mind of Leonardo da Vinci* by George McCurdy, which is pretty technical but interesting, and George Eliot's *Romola*, a book I've intended to read for years.

Howard has quite a trip ahead of him, going to San Francisco, Santa Barbara, Oregon, Idaho and up here. Will be glad if he does get here in time to play some tennis. There aren't many good players around - - the courts are too few. The nearest court to Antler is at Bottineau, about 60 miles away. We expect Charles and Marion and Alice Louise back sometime this week or the next. Then I won't feel quite so isolated.

Must hurry back to the ice cream. Who's your friend, Mutso? Do you have anyone to play tennis with now that Howard and the gang have gone? Remember me to the Woods and to Mrs. Brodhead.

Love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

San Francisco, California

August 23, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

[postcard addressed to Rev. S.A. Moffett — sent via Air Mail with 3¢ postage
311½ Wildrose Avenue
Monrovia, California]

Dear Folks,

Sorry I didn't get off a regular letter yesterday but Edwin [Braden - classmate at P.Y.F.S.] and I drove up the coast to a beach for the day. I'll write from Oregon. I'm staying with him just at present but may move to Cousin Cara's.

I planned to go to San Rafael today but stopped in to see Aunt Mary & Agnes Fortin and stayed to lunch with them till too late. It was awfully good to see them again. I also tried to see Mrs. Webb [mother-in-law of Rev. Graham Lee], but got to their house just 15 minutes after they'd left for several days.

Called up Dorothy Adams and am going there tonight. See Reiners, etc. tomorrow, then leave after I get to San Rafael Wednesday.

Love,

Howie

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Rolette, North Dakota

August 28, 1937

Charles H. Moffett

[postcard mailed on August 28th but mostly written several days earlier from a point in Minnesota]

Dear Father and Tommie,

We are now in Sauk Center, Minnesota - on the home stretch. Spent some time in Madison Monday [Aug. 20th] with Uncle Howard. All fine. Spent some time this afternoon with Cousin Emma [Paige].

Left Rev. Thompson in Minneapolis about 5:00 and are now alone. Seems funny! Alice is fine. We are all well and everything is O.K. Will write when we get straightened out at Rolette.

"The Moffetts"

P.S. We arrived home in all safety on Thursday morning [Aug. 23rd] at 10:30, completing our trip of 9470 miles. It has been a wonderful trip but it is good to be home. Will write soon as we get settled.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Antler, North Dakota

August 30, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

It is good to have Charlie and Marion back from their long trek. Alice Louise is shooting up, but remains fatter than ever. Every once in a while I discern a glimmer of intelligence in her actions, and am beginning to think she takes after her Uncle Sam. I was down at Rolette Friday and Saturday of this week, and yesterday Charles came up to hold the communion service in my church.

Two weeks of North Dakota, and then school. The summer has flown by. This last month here has seemed much shorter than the first two weeks, thanks to all the friends I've acquired. Among other accomplishments of the summer, I've at last got a foundation started for a file of sermon helps and illustrations. Am particularly pleased with a collection of religious poetry I'm working on - - if you see any that can be clipped, I'd appreciate it. Also illustrations.

Was glad you enclosed that letter from Dr. McCune, father. I hear that he's accepted that position at Moody Bible Institute, which means that McCune's will be our Chicago headquarters. Just read a good article by him in the August issue of the Moody Bible Institute Monthly. On its cover is a beautiful photograph of a Korean temple.

Howard writes of his San Francisco visit to Cousin Cara. By now he is probably in or leaving Phoenix. He also says his best birthday present was the chance to visit Mother before he left. Hope I can have one like that next Easter vacation. When Grandma Wright learned I could read Greek, she presented me with a good Greek Testament her son no longer can use, so I keep brushed up a little on my languages. I left the Testament Dr. Engel gave me back in Wheaton.

All goes smoothly. Charlie and I may enter a tennis tournament in Belcourt the end of this week.

Love to all,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

September 1, 1937

Samuel Austin Moffett

Dear Miss Fortin: [postal card sent to one of the Fortin sisters in Oakland]

There are many "Banks of America" (formerly Bank of Oakland) in Oakland - and I find I have no record as to which one was the Bank of Oakland with which Lucia did her banking business.

Please send me the address. Am trying to get some way of collecting the \$388.00 to her credit.

No improvement in Lucia's case. Keep on praying.

Sincerely,

Samuel A. Moffett

(From the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

September 1, 1937

Samuel Austin Moffett

Dear Miss Fortin:

Have written you about the address of Lucia's bank. I seem not to have it where I can find it.

Also when you received the check for \$64.00 from Commercial Bank and sent it to us in May - was anything said at bank about what Lucia would have to do in order to draw that \$388.00 which was (and I think is now also) still in the Savings account?

Can Lucia send for that without having it made over to the Commercial account? We want to draw on that amount - but do not know just what we have to do in order to get that amount.

When you can do so when you are down town, please send a few blank checks from this bank where Lucia had her deposit.

I may not be very clear - but what we want is to find some way by which Lucia can have her Savings Account drawn on for present use.

Sincerely,

Samuel A. Moffett

Lucia is very very far from well and I do not know what the prospects are.
SHM

(From the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Antler, North Dakota

September 5, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Tomorrow begins my last week in Antler. Once it was started, the summer has gone too swiftly. Today's chill rain has opened the door to Autumn, and now I am hoping that my last year at Wheaton will linger awhile, and not go quite so fast.

Please consider this my Monday letter, for on the 6th I head for Bottineau and some tennis. Most of the Presbyterian ministers in this district are coming up for the day, so we call it an unofficial meeting of presbytery. I am making plans to come under care of this presbytery as the one with whose members I am most familiar. That will enable me to apply for a loan from the Board of Christian Education to help out on seminary expenses. If such is the case I may put my membership in Charlie's church at Rolette for as long as he remains there, and then I will be free to transfer it at any time it may seem advisable.

I received back the endorsed Montgomery Ward check, and was able to cash it with no trouble in Minot. It was dated 1927, and the clerk remarked, "Wish I could keep money that long." Charlie, Marion, the baby and I drove to Minot early this week and did some shopping. We were on our way back to Antler from Rolette where I had gone with them on their Young People's picnic.

If you are through with the snapshots I sent you some time ago, may I have them back? I have some more I'll send on to you shortly.

It didn't take me long to discover Dr. Buttrick's modernistic tendencies. His greatest faults seem to be an under-emphasis of the authority of the Bible, and an over emphasis of the social gospel. Otherwise his book was stimulating.

Do you think mother will have to remain much longer at the Sanatarium? We hope and pray that she may speedily continue her recovery. Was glad to hear that Aunt Susie got down to Monrovia and was able to see mother.

Howard writes of a good visit with Cousin Will in Santa Barbara, and with Cousin Cara in San Francisco. The latest card comes from Phoenix where he is enjoying his stay with Cousin Edith and Mary Jarvie and Patsy. He will probably not have time to hit North Dakota after stopping off with Mr. Chandler in Idaho. So I'll see him next in Wheaton, I reckon.

Charlie and I were talking over the family finances after he returned from California. The financial situation seems well taken care of. Uncle Howard also wrote that all is well along that line, with Jim and Charles making their own way, and Howard and I provided for.

Have you had much contact with the Pentecostal church, father? I believe they call themselves the Assemblies of God. There is one of their tabernacles here in Antler, and I wondered what you knew of them.

Lots of love to all, and an extra lot to mother - -

Sam

P.S. I have a book to send you. You asked for it some time ago. Buswell's *What is God?* from his *Lamb of God* series.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

September 12, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks:

This'll have to be brief for I have fifteen other letters I must write, but I might as well get back in the habit of writing a Sunday letter now as ever.

I had a hard time getting out of Ogden [Utah] and spent five hours in one spot 200 miles from there that evening waiting for a ride, but just as I was getting pretty well disgusted a fellow going to the U. of Minnesota picked me up and took me to Ames, Iowa - 26 hours away. That sure helped, and after spending a free night with a harmless old gentleman I met in a café in an extra bed of his (yes, clean sheets and all) I came on here yesterday. The last three hundred miles I drove an old retired physician from Texas and I had a keen talk with him. He was a Methodist and very well educated.

All the freshmen met here last night for the first time, and I find that Donald Kaufman (of P.Y.F.S.) is registered. News to me, but a swell thing. People are pouring in fast now. I'm two days early, but I can well use the time in fixing up our rooms, getting started with *Tower* and fixing up my schedule. It sure is great to be back among a group who love the Lord and aren't ashamed of it. There's no place quite like Wheaton! - - Except home!!

Sam will probably be back Tuesday, and Dat a little later I think. Am anxiously waiting to hear that mother is greatly improved - for I just know she will be home before long. How about hearing from you, Mutso?

Lots & Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

CHARLES H. MOFFETT
ROLETTE, N. DAKOTA

Rolette, North Dakota

September 17, 1937

Charles H. Moffett

Dear Father:-

After my service in Wolford on Sunday evening we left for Chicago on business and also to take Sam back to college after the completion of his work at Antler. We left Sunday night and got into Wheaton Monday evening and found that Howard was already back. On Tuesday Marion and I went in to the city to do the things that we wanted to by way of purchases and interviews. On Wednesday morning we boys played some tennis and visited. At noon we started back again and arrived here again yesterday afternoon.

We got Sam back to school in all safety and both boys are fully registered and this morning start in on their regular school work again. Sam had a wonderful experience and did a splendid piece of work. They liked him very much and have asked him to come back again next summer besides paying him more than was originally agreed upon, for they said they had the money and felt that he was worth it. Sam will write you fully, if he hasn't, about the action we took which I feel was a wise one. We received Sam into church membership and have taken the preliminary steps to taking him under the care of Presbytery as a candidate for the ministry. The remaining steps will be taken at our regular meeting of Presbytery on September 28th, but Sam will not be present at that time. He can always transfer at a later time if it seems best and he wants to, but for the present I really feel that he has done the right thing.

Your letter to the boys arrived while I was there in Wheaton with them so that I know that you have received my letter, even though your letter to me of the 9th doesn't indicate it. Thank you for the return of the pictures, for they are the ones we wanted.

Am getting back fully into the work again and truly am enjoying it. The next three weeks are going to be particularly busy ones for me, as this coming Sunday and next I will have four congregational meetings and try to get things really into shape. Then I have Every Member Canvass to make, Presbytery and Synod meetings.

While in Chicago I personally took out a year's subscription to the *Moody Monthly*.

Here comes the train so I must close and wait till next time to write more.

All well here and remembering you in prayer -

Love,

Charles

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

September 19, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Several letters have come from you this week, but I still have a number of questions to ask. Is Tom attending the Ivy school? If so, I guess you are not intending to move over to Pasadena. We are still praying particularly for mother, but I wish you could tell us a little more about her condition. She seemed so very well when I saw her.

Charles and Marion brought Sam down early in the week and we had several good days together before they had to leave - getting in some tennis one morning, too.

Before I forget it I want to mention this letter from Miss Allis. She was the one in Maine you asked about. She represents the Penn. Medical Missionary Society which grants aid to those intending to go to the foreign field. I heard about it from Jim Wilson and understand that Stanley Hoffman is receiving help from them now. I wrote him a letter inquiring about it yesterday, but want to know what you think of it. Please return the letter when you write.

Classes begin in earnest in the morning. I'm taking five hours of Organic Chemistry, 3 hours of Ethics, 3 of Foreign Relations, and 2 of Romans under Dr. Stone. Most of my week has been spent in getting the *Tower* under way. We have a swell office.

Well, Mutso, keep busy and don't read too much! Georgie and Addison Soltau should be here soon. McCunes and Malsbarys will be in the vicinity all year too, which will be mighty nice.

An inlaid vase came from Malsbarys for mother. Do you know anything about it?

All three of us are teaching Sunday School at Mooseheart this year. Church time now.

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

September 19, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

School has opened and we're busy dusting off books, testing out alarm clocks and stepping on freshmen. My schedule won't be any too light, with work on the *Record* to keep me busy. I'm taking a special Greek course, beginning on Aristophenes' *Frogs*. There are only two in Miss Jamieson's class - Grace Vanderpoel and I.

Left Antler Sunday afternoon - it was a great summer. The trip down with Charlie went smoothly. My total earnings for the summer were \$270, and total expenditures, including travel and meals, were \$164, giving me a balance of \$106 with which to start school. The church paid me more than I expected - insisted on my taking it - and all wished me back next summer. I grew to love those people up there.

Roberts is back from Costa Rica a little late, and browner than ever. We registered for him in advance, since his boat did not reach New York until the 13th. The only new student from Korea this year is Dan Kauffman of China. Ruth Bell was planning to come but was prevented from sailing by the outbreak of trouble in Shanghai.

Ushering seems to be my chief duty as Class President. I've been busy as usher at every affair this week almost. Evangelistic services begin next week, with Dr. Ironsides preaching.

Herewith my schedule:

	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday
8:00	Greek Hist.		Greek Hist.		Greek Hist.
9:00	Anthropol.		Anthro.		Anthro.
10:00	Chapel	Chapel	Chapel	Chapel	Chapel
10:30	Speech	Archaeology	Speech	Archaeology	Speech
11:30					
12:30	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch	Lunch
1:30					
2:30	Logic		Logic		Logic
3:30					

Two hours of Greek - time not yet settled: It looks like an interesting course.

Yours with love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

MISSION LODGE SANITARIUM
830 GLADYS AVENUE
SAN GABRIEL, CALIFORNIA

San Gabriel, California

Autumn, 1937

Lucia Fish Moffett

Dearest Sam and Bubbies three,

Just a few lines to say "Hello" and "How are you?" I still eat amazingly, drink quarts, take calisthenics, breathe deeply, and - most important of all - am growing heavier physically and am mentally more alert for future blessings.

Are you making plans for our winter together, Sam and Tom? Has Tom's drawing of that house you are living in materialized anywhere? It would not take long to build, if that was the idea.

Samsy and Howie, last summer's visit was just an appetizer. May next summer give you and us more solid enjoyment and evidence of growth in grace and usefulness. Every thought of you from babyhood upward makes me look to God in thankfulness, prayer, and praise. How happy those days of romps and rompers were - when ink and matches followed your milk and were impartially digested; when prepositions formed a special course for mental digestion during the milk and spooning period!

Spoon period! College and current events may give that phrase a sweeter sound in your ears than it did in those days. Stick to books for a while. May God guide you into such happiness as your father and I have had - and more. Take one step at a time.....

You do believe in your mother's love, don't you - and in God's sustaining power and most perfect love.

Send love to Jamie and Charles and "the girls" [their wives]. Are they planning another visit next summer - or this winter, California's winter?

Lovingly,

Mother

[note to her husband, Samuel A. Moffett]

Send this on to the boys, please, andyou will know that means love to you from your own wife,

Lucia

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

September 21, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

[postcard to his father in Monrovia, California]

Dear Father:

Received your check for \$180 this afternoon. It goes in the bank tomorrow. Thank mother for the birthday present. It was grand of her to remember so far back.

Was the rest of the money for any special purpose? I paid my college bill with the money I earned this summer. It was - - - with \$50 scholarship subtracted:

Tuition, room, fees - - \$102.25

Meals (at the Green Lantern) - - \$70.00

Will send you accounts this week.

Love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

September 26, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

It's late, so I won't write much, but here's a brief outline of activities. I just got back from spending the day and last night in Elgin with friends of one of the fellows here in the house, Tim Barrett. He had to rake up someone for a blind date there, so I went along to fill in - and really had a right nice time.

The week has passed quickly, mostly because I've been so busy I haven't had time to think in days or hours. I have some dandy courses in school, particularly International Politics, but they certainly aren't the easiest ones in the world. Organic Chemistry is enough to make anyone worry.

By the way, do you have any material (or could you suggest any) on the "Missionary Message of Romans"? I have a term paper to write on that, but there isn't any hurry as it isn't due till January.

You asked about our financial status. I have 1845 dollars in cash in the bank, besides the two stock certificates for \$2000 and \$1250 in Pennsylvania Power and Light and Belt Railroad. All my bills for this semester have been paid.

Soccer is well under way, but as yet no games. *Tower* work takes up most of my time, but it will be well spent if I can make things come out all right.

Well, I've got to hit the hay if I'm to get in 8 hours before my 8:00 o'clock class in the morning. Daylight comes entirely too soon.

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

September 26, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Have passed through a whole week of regular school, and am surviving. Haven't done much studying as yet though - for soccer takes up the better half of the afternoons, and in between times I've been trying to get the *Record's* news staff functioning smoothly. And besides, our two copies of Aristophenes' *The Frogs* haven't come yet. That's going to be a good course.

Father asked for a financial report. In my regular account at the Gary-Wheaton bank I have left a balance of \$0.77 - which is nothing, and might as well be closed out. In the special account I have \$2000.41. I have paid my school bills, bought my books, paid my life-insurance and all but \$10 of my board for the semester.

Were you ever in a Greek play at U. California, mother? Miss Jamieson was telling us about a presentation of *The Birds* she saw one summer at Berkeley. My course is rather queer - the History, Anthropology, Drama and Archaeology are all connected with Ancient History. It's rather one-sided but interesting.

Went on a marshmallow roast last night - just three couples. I was with Betty Tarrant, the girl who comes from Columbia Bible College. The other four were Tom Lindsay, president of the student body; Barbara Boyes, president of Aelioian Literary Society - both are from the Scoville Memorial Church in Detroit, and Tom is going to Princeton with me; Roger McShane, president of the Forensic Union and Beltionian Literary Association; and Ann Beckley, president of Boethallian. Tom and Roger are both debaters - intercollegiate champs of Illinois last year. Sounds like distinguished company, doesn't it. Remember how large those offices loomed three years ago, and now we're Seniors and big-shots. We've a great class, and fellows like Tom and McShane are the best in it.

Dr. Ironsides who is conducting the week of evangelistic services at the College this semester is a real Scotch preacher. Have you ever heard him? He is pastor of the Moody Memorial Church. I've been working hard all week as head usher at the meetings.

Lots of love,

Sam H. Moffett

How's the touch-football, Thomas?

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 3, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Your letters this week were much appreciated. Young Tomato isn't writing such lengthy epistles, but we've sort of neglected him in our own writing so he can't very well be blamed.

What are you taking in school, Mutso? I rather imagine the work will be easy for you, with all mother's teaching behind you, but you can [put in] plenty of time on your trumpet, etc. without doing any harm. How about athletics? Are there any school or inter-class teams you can go out for? Georgie and Addison Soltau started to school here this week, and were messing around at the football game yesterday. We lost, 14-6, but it was a good game and the *Tower* sold plenty of candy, popcorn and hot dogs so it wasn't altogether unprofitable - at least from our standpoint!

It was a mistake on somebody's part, but I've been elected president of the International Politics Club which has just been formed - mostly from members of our Political Science class. It won't entail much extra work tho' - at least I hope not.

Malsbarys were out here one day, but just for a few minutes and I wasn't able to see them. But they'll probably be out often. How soon will the McCunes be located in Chicago? That sure will be swell. I only wish that you could move out here too.

Lots of Love,

Howard

P.S. I received a copy of Mr. Turley's letter to you, and the news of transportation and crating rates seems terrific. You'll have to advise him what to do, but I can't see that we should ship all of it. Perhaps some more things should be eliminated and just a very few freighted.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Pyengyang, Korea

October 3, 1937

Charles Allen Clark

Dear Dr. Moffett,-

We are back at home and I have had a most strenuous month getting settled and taking back all of my other jobs except the Seminary. The Seminary and all of the Bible Institutes in the country (mostly) are closed. Assembly did badly beyond all imagination. I will not explain that. Mrs. Hayes will be there in a month or so and can tell you everything. I want to confine this letter to business.

I searched the house for the books which Mrs. Moffett asked me to get and am mailing you three bundles which I think are the books wanted. I found the pictures for which she asked tucked away in a closet and am sending them without the frame.

When I got here, I found that a family from China (Bridgeman) was in your house and a Montgomery family had been in the guesthouse but was just moving out. I found that the Station had not only lent most of your things to the Bridgemans but that [Will] Blair had even given them the keys to your study. Last winter, altho I had had the water and heating systems carefully drained by a man from the shops, a lot of pipes froze and burst and the property committee disclaimed all responsibility because Blair, at my request had kept the keys. I told them how you had said that you could not yet make up your mind about what to do with the things so I asked and received Station permission to put into the guesthouse everything that the Bridgemans are not using. Today I went over with two coolies and have worked all day like a coolie myself getting things into the guesthouse and carefully arranged on shelves in exactly the same order that you had them in your study and spare bedroom, so that I can find anything if you want it and can tell me where it used to be on your shelves. Things are so arranged that if Meeky [Charles Moffett] comes from India at any time, he can see at a glance what is [in] any of the four rooms and choose what he wants. I brought up from the kwang [small tile-roofed storage house] nearest to the Gym the beds and two stoves and such books as were of value and put those in the guesthouse. [There were two or three kwangs and a regular guest house on the Moffett property in addition to the main house.] Tomorrow I'll strengthen the back door (which is now the only way into the guesthouse) by screwing boards on its inner surface so that no one can kick it in or break the glass and reach in, and then I'll put on another Yale lock to which I'll have the only key and I'll know that the things will stay put till you decide what to do with them. When the Bridgemans leave, I'll put all of the rest of the furniture in there and lock it up tight.

The PYFS had no room to take the children's books and the Bridgemans were already using them for their seven children, so I couldn't get them away without hurting their feelings. Mrs. Bridgeman says however that she has laid strict injunctions upon the children that no child is to take a book from the room or lend it, so I guess that it is all right.

Mrs. Bernheisel wanted very much to buy the couch and many of the other things could be sold for something but now that they are in your own building you can take your time in deciding what to do about them. I'm putting hasps and locks on every door inside and am boarding all of the windows outside and have set bookcases and other heavy objects against all windows on the inside, so that we need not fear thieves even while we are all away in the summer. They tell me that there are two bicycles somewhere around the place. I'll find them tomorrow and, if they are to be stored also, will tear off the license tags and send them in and cut off taxes anyway. Wag seems to have gone or been sent to the happy hunting grounds and I'll see if he is officially dead and so off the tax lists.

[The rest of the letter is missing]

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 10, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Your letter was received, and thanks greatly for the suggestions for my paper on Romans. I will try to get busy on that soon.

So football seems sort of complicated to you, Tommy? It impressed me that way too at first, but you'll probably be getting into it yourself before long. We've been having riots with North Central all weekend, ending in a general fight over the goal-posts after we lost the game 12-7 yesterday afternoon. They finally had to call out the police department to put a stop to it. The night before we were out till one o'clock raiding their campus and guarding our own. There sure is plenty of feeling between the two old rivals and we had some swell scraps!

We ran off our first regular *Tower* concert Thursday evening before a fairly good audience and made a profit of some \$55. The best part of it was that it seemed to go over well and was appreciated. Now it'll be easier to get them to come to our major concert at Homecoming.

Marion may come down then, driving their new Dodge - which I suppose Charlie has written you about. They sure got a swell trade-in on their Chevy.

Soccer is still moving along, but no games as yet. Chemistry lab. keeps me from going out two days a week, but the rest of the time I usually manage to. Thanksgiving day we play Princeton, so Jim probably will be able to come down for that.

Last night I had an informal date with Martha Anderson, whose serial picture was run in the *Record* this week, but I don't find time for much of that.

Leaves are falling fast, and it looks like fall weather has really set in. I wish I were in California!

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 10, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

There is wailing and gnashing of teeth on the campus. We lost the North Central football game, 12 - 7, and we might just as well have won it, since we made 14 first downs to their seven. There was some interesting rioting about the goal-posts after the game.

Grading Greek papers takes up quite a bit of time, but it's making me dig out my old Grammar and learn some fundamentals. Our Aristophanes have come, and we're pounding out 100 lines a lesson. It's really not as hard as I expected.

So Tom thinks football is kind of screwy. That's what George and Addison Soltau think, too. You'll get used to it - but it doesn't beat soccer and basketball and tennis.

Saw Mr. Wood in church this morning. He is just stopping off on his way through to the East.

Uncle Howard writes that he has placed 25 shares of Belt R[ailroad] R[oad] and stockyards common stock (\$50⁰⁰ each) in my name in Madison. I am to endorse the dividend checks and send them on to you. He also transferred to me from Mother's name the Real Estate certificates of Liquidating Trust. I will also endorse and send on to you the occasional dividend checks from this.

I've been busier than I expected this year. I thought that with no *Tower* I'd have minutes to burn, but the *Record* and studies and soccer fill the day rather well. I did manage to work in a date Saturday night, however. Took Betty Tarrant to the Zoo party. The Zoo is where Aldeen, Lindsay, McShane, Frame, etc. live. Howie also had a date with Martha Anderson.

Mr. Soltau is back from New York. He spoke at prayer meeting Wednesday night at the College Church, but I couldn't get over to hear him. There was a Student Council meeting at the same time.

We continue to pray for Mother's return to health, and hope she will soon be able to leave the sanatorium.

Lots of love,

S_{am}

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 17, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Glad to hear Tommy is getting into things at school. Even though you aren't as crazy about football as some people you'll find that the more you know about it the better you'll like it, and the contacts you make with other fellows will give you a better time at school. Go to it, Mutso! The orchestra is swell for you, too.

Six weeks exams crop up this coming week again like the traditional phoney nickel, and I can't say I'm very well prepared for them. I've had to spend too much time on other things so far this year to really do any justice on my studies. We'll soon see, however, how well I can make out.

Friday I took the day off to attend the National Press Convention for college papers and annuals, held this year in Chicago. It was very much worth-while and I got a lot of ideas from it - also having a keen time at the ritzy club where they met. Dat went in for the *Record*, too.

Saturday I played some tennis for a change - - inter-society mixed doubles stuff, and Delle Mackenzie and I are still going strong in it. That evening we had a Junior class retreat out near St. Charles on the Fox river and really had a grand old care-free time. We played touch football (as long as we could keep the girls away) and then ate till we staggered, and finished up around the campfire.

The annual *Tower* concert, big one, is not far off now and I'm up to my neck in a publicity campaign. It sure keeps one rushing around. I'll be glad when the next two weeks are over.

Am turning in now for an afternoon nap - a Sunday luxury.

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 17, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Six-weeks exams coming up next week! I've already finished one, and it wasn't so bad; but the teachers showered me with three exams for Monday. I don't see why they picked Monday of all days, since I can't study today. The exams are in Anthropology, Logic and Speech. Fortunately, it is impossible to study for Dr. Straw's one-word Logic tests, and Speech isn't very hard, so I concentrated on Anthropology.

We were very sorry to hear of Dr. F.S. Miller's death. Ever since I've known him I've thought of him as a very old, very kindly man. The Soltau's received your letter. Betty Tarrant and I were over there last night - a grand mixture of British, Southern and Northern accents. Betty proudly reports she's a Barnwell, of South Carolina's first families - - descended from Elizabeth Douglas of Scotland.

In spite of soccer, I got in a little tennis this week. Just enough to get eliminated from the Intersociety Mixed doubles tournament. Eleanor Soltau and I were playing for Bows and Arrows, and got up to the semifinals, but there Howie Fischer and Beth Blackstone put us out. Howie and Delle will play them in the finals.

The football team lost another close one this week - - 7-0 against DeKalb. They've been just nosed out three games in a row now, worse luck. The frosh team won again though, 12-0 against the Chicago Physical Education college. The cross-country men beat North Central.

Keep up the noble work in football, Mutso. I guess you'll find English easy after the Greek and stuff you've had. Better make first in your class, or I'll paddle you.

Mother is still in the sanatorium, I guess. How we pray that she will improve enough to come home.

Lots of love,

Sam

P.S. Spoke in chapel Monday on the work at Mooseheart.

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 23, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Mighty glad that there were no serious results from your auto accident. It certainly does pay to be extra careful these days, though as you say it is awfully hard to get along without a car.

I hope the bike will help lighten up Tom's daily routine and allow him to get around more. He should go up and call on Woods every once and awhile, for I know they would be glad to have him. Mrs. Wood is quite taken with young Mutso, and he might get in some more tennis with Mugs. By the way, if you do play very much let me know and I'll send some balls out.

Six weeks exams are over now, and I'm rather skeptical of the results. I know mine will be nothing to write home about, but it's chiefly my own fault in not studying more. The only grade I know about is an 87 in Foreign Relations.

We won our first soccer game yesterday with the Rockford Athletic Club, 2-1, Vickers and myself each scoring once. It wasn't quite as hard a game as I expected, but it sure tired me out. I haven't been able to get out to practice enough, and my wind just wasn't there. The forty-five minute halves had me puffing, but we'll all have to be in better condition if we want to make any headway against the eastern teams. That's not so far off now.

Wheaton came thru with four victories yesterday, the football team beating Elmhurst 7-6 in their homecoming game, and the Frosh and Academy also winning. Maybe we're in for a winning streak for a change.

My chief worry during the next week will be the *Tower* concert for next Saturday night. Besides publicity I have to take care of the arrangements for the 115 piece symphony orchestra - and that's some job. The chapel has to be changed with an enlarged stage to accommodate them, and a lot of seats have to be removed. But if we can come out well financially it'll be more than worth the trouble. I hope to make \$250 on it for the *Tower*, but I'm rather doubtful. The alterations and cost of getting them out here run much higher than concerts of the past have ever thought of running. However, patrons should get their money's worth, and satisfaction will mean a lot.

We were mighty glad to hear of the slight change for the better in mother's condition, and are praying for continued improvement.

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois
320 E. Seminary Ave.

October 24, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

We were certainly thankful that father was unhurt in the auto accident. It might easily have been so much more serious. News that mother is improving also encourages us, but we know that recovery will probably be very slow.

Glad that Tom likes the bike. Maybe it'll give him some exercise, and keep him from becoming a muscle-bound football player. What are your subjects in school, Muto? I guess Greek isn't on the grade-school curriculum. How you must miss it.

Yesterday was a big day for Wheaton. Five athletic victories. Some might not agree, but to me the most important was our 2-1 win in soccer over the Baltic Athletic Club of Rockford [Illinois]. We beat them last year on a couple of freak scores when they called themselves the Swedish-American Gym Club. This year we really outplayed them. And Howard headed in our winning goal. Vickers scored our first goal. It was also right noble the way we beat Elmhurst and spoiled their Homecoming 7-6. Elmhurst was all set to win that game - the Elmhurst businessman had even donated a trophy to the winner. But we fooled them. In the morning the frosh beat the DeKalb frosh and the cross-country team beat DeKalb but lost to Illinois Normal. The Academy added to the list of victories by taking over St. Albans 19-0.

Six weeks' exams are over, thank heaven. I didn't do so badly - a 95 in Greek history, a 94 in Dramatic Expression, and an 80 in Logic, which was highest in the class. Haven't received my grades yet in Archaeology and Anthropology. We had no exam in Greek.

Haven't heard from Marion and Charles for some time, and so we're not sure whether to expect Marion for Homecoming or not. We certainly hope she can get here.

I was called on for a 5-minute extempore at the Arrow informal given to Freshmen at the College Church Friday night. I'm not so fast at thinking on my feet, but luckily the topic was on Korea, and it's not hard to talk about home.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 30, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

It has certainly been a grand Homecoming! Charlie couldn't come, of course, but Marion did - and Alice Louise. I've created a campus sensation by walking around the college carrying Alice. And were we ever thrilled to drive Charlie's big new Dodge around. Marion dropped in Thursday night. Friday she went in to Moody Bible Institute and shopped down in the Loop. You can't keep girls away from store windows.

That evening at Lit I ran into Dr. Kenny Geizer - just returned from China. Marion had been so anxious to see his wife, who was her best friend at Moody, and had no idea they had returned to Wheaton yet. Friday evening too we tore around in the Homecoming snake dance through town and the big bonfire on the athletic field.

Saturday the alumni upset the undefeated frosh football team and beat them 13-6; the Sophs barely nosed out the frosh in the pushball contest - the score was 1-1 but at the end of the game the ball was just 3 yds. over the center in frosh territory, and the frosh redeemed themselves by winning the girls' tug-of-war.

We lost our Homecoming football game 6-0 to Illinois College. They are leading the conference, and we almost broke their record of no defeats. They scored on a poor center deep in our territory. That night we went to our Howard's *Tower* concert. Incidentally, he had box seats for us - and the Chicago Business Men's Symphony orchestra was really good - 115 pieces.

We're glad that Marion doesn't have to leave until Wednesday or Thursday. Tonight we will drive into the Moody Memorial Church to hear Dr. Ironsides.

Grades are out - 95 in Greek History, Aristophanes; 90 in Expression (there were no 95's), 90 in Archaeology, and 85 in Logic - which was the highest grade Dr. Straw gave. Wish I had more time.

I am enclosing an endorsed check for \$34.27 on the Apartment Liquidation Trust. These checks come to me to be forwarded as arranged by Uncle Howard.

Keep good, Mutso. Don't run over more than five pedestrians a week with that bicycle.

Yours with love to all, and we continue to pray for Mother,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

October 31, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks;

It may be fun once, but I'd sure hate to go through another week like the last one. There were times I thought I'd go plumb cookoo with so many things to do, but the results warranted all the effort spent so I'm really very well satisfied. We had practically a full house at the concert last night, even with all the extra aisle seats, etc. we brought in, and the *Tower's* profit for the evening amounts to very close to \$400 instead of the \$250 I had counted on. And besides that we broke all existing records for candy and hot dog sales at the football game in the afternoon, taking in just under \$100 at about 50% profit.

So I'm feeling pretty well today even if we did have to work till 3:00 this morning in tearing down the extension platform and fixing everything up for the services today. In fact I don't believe I've gotten to bed before twelve once this week, but then, I certainly don't try to make a habit of it so don't let it worry you any. I'll catch up on it in time.

The Symphony was swell too, even if I do say so myself. Everyone thought it was about the biggest thing this place had seen, and their satisfaction is really what pleases me most.

I hope Sam told you all about the Homecoming activities, for I haven't been able to attend most of them. Of course the biggest event for Moffetts was the arrival of Marion and Alice Louise from North Dakota - plus the new Dodge, which is a beauty!

Charlie couldn't afford the time to come, but wanted Marion to attend a Homecoming and since they could make it financially possible by bringing passengers everything worked out fine. They arrived Thursday night and will be here till Wednesday or Thursday. We've sure been making good use of the car!

This evening we're going in to the Moody Memorial Church, and hope to see Dr. McCune. Mr. Soltau is still out of town.

We saw Mr. Wood for a few minutes yesterday. I believe he's bound back to California now.

Two and a half more weeks only now till we head east on our soccer trip - missing a week of school which won't help me any.

Glad you are enjoying the weather out there and hope it continues. We're having unusually fine days ourselves just now.

Lots of Love,
Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

November 7, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Weeks fly by so fast it's hard to keep up with the times - not to mention studies. Tommy came off right well in his grades tho, and has no reason at all to be disappointed. He has the true Moffett spirit in Art, and as for the B's I don't doubt but that they might just as well have been A's if the teacher had had a better breakfast that morning. Don't worry about those things, but just do your work well - which I'm sure you are doing. Anyone that's been lucky enough to have so much work under mother is bound to do well.

There has been sort of a let-down after Homecoming this week, but the change has been welcome. I managed to get a 3000 word paper written on *Russian Foreign Policy* for Political Science, and am getting things in order to push *Tower* advertising.

Last night I was invited to one of the Girls House parties and nearly froze out on the banks of the Fox River where they held it - a steak fry. We did have pretty much fun though, and there was a good gang along. In the afternoon Wheaton won her football game very decidedly 21-0, but you can read about that in the *Record*.

Marion left on Thursday, so we had quite a nice long visit from them. The baby is a lot of fun, and getting quite intelligent!

McCunes are settled in Chicago now and want us to come in and visit them soon, which we hope to do. Mr. Soltau is out of town most of the time, so we rarely see him. Aunt Susie invited us all to Madison for Thanksgiving, but we'll be in the East then so am afraid we can't go.

Awfully glad to hear good reports about mother, and do so pray they may continue. I'm speaking at Young People's meeting in Lombard tonight, so must do some preparation.

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

ILLINOIS COLLEGE
PRESS - ASSOCIATION

C.E. Flynn Director
W.D. Roberts President
Charlotte FitzHenry Vice Pres
J.C. Youle Sec'y-Treas

Wheaton, Illinois

November 7, 1938

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

Just a little over a week, now, and we leave for the East on our soccer trip. We'll have real competition there, all right, and a mighty hard schedule with five games in one week. The Princeton game still isn't definite. If it goes through we'll be playing against Archie Fletcher.

Had a grand week-end with Marion and the baby. They left early Thursday for the trip back to North Dakota.

Your last letter asked me to endorse checks coming from the Liquidating Trust and the Belt R.R. and send them back to Uncle Howard to deposit for you. I had already sent you the one endorsed check, but I will in the future return them to Uncle Howard.

Howard and I are both speaking to Young People's Meetings this evening - he at Lombard, I believe, and I at the First Evangelical church in Elmhurst. This is part of the work of the League of Evangelical Students. Mooseheart in the morning and speaking in the evening keeps even Sunday a busy day.

We won a soccer game this week but it's nothing to be proud of. We beat Mooseheart 1-0, on Howard's last-minute goal. Last year we beat them 6-0. It was just a practice game.

Howard and I were both invited to parties last night, and had great times. He went out on a steak-fry on the Fox River, and I was invited to the post-Halloween party at Williston Hall.

Dr. McCune is back in Chicago. Marion went in and saw him last week, and we are planning a visit in the near future. Marion says they are furnishing a grand apartment, and he wrote out that they'd have room for us to stay over-night.

How goes the basketball, Mutso? Those grades are all right - do you get them by quarters or by six-weeks' periods?

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

November 13, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

This will have to be just a line. I couldn't write yesterday because Friday night I was suddenly asked to preach Sunday evening in Bellwood, and with the soccer game taking up all Saturday afternoon, I had very little time to prepare.

Right now I'm rushed finishing up school work since we leave for the East Thursday. I just received a five-page letter from Evan Runner, of Westminster Seminary, who is quite desirous of having me there. I still favor Princeton, though, but am not sure what the effect of its new faculty members will be.

Saturday's soccer game was great - - 6-2. And Howie scored twice, once carrying two full-backs, the goalie and the ball right into the goal on a charge.

More next week. How encouraged we are on Mother's improvement.

Sam

Wheaton, Illinois

November 14, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

It was mighty good to hear from mother this week, and also to see the letter to those on furlough from Korea.

Everything here is winding up in readiness for our trip east. We had two soccer games this week, losing the first one to an Oak Park professional team 4-2 and winning the second 6-2 yesterday in Rockford. The Oak Park game was played here at night under the floodlights on the high school football field - our first experience of that kind. We used a silver painted ball and it really wasn't bad at all. The only trouble is we should have won the blooming game. A big crowd was out, and the band, and after leading 2-0 at the half we sort of gave out physically and they pushed thru four goals - 2 of them on penalty shots which were just give-aways. It was a hard game to lose, but we're all set for the East now.

We leave here Thursday noon and get into Westchester Friday afternoon. Sam and I will stay with cousin Clinton there that night and until the game that Saturday afternoon. Sunday we'll be in Philly as we're taking charge of a church service and then Monday we run up to Princeton for our game against them (which has been changed from Thanksgiving Day). Tuesday we play Army at West Point and Wednesday come back to Brooklyn and meet St. John's University. I hope Jim can be there for that game and then we can spend Thanksgiving and part of Friday with him in N.Y. before having to leave on the return trip. On the way back we play Oberlin - our last game.

I had the best kind of a week-end, running off to Chicago Friday noon just to get away from things for awhile. I did a few things in town I had to, then moseyed around the 1938 auto show for a few hours before going out to McCunes for the evening. It was awfully good to see them again, especially as he had just seen you not so long ago. I spent the night there and then came out here just in time to go to Rockford for the soccer game.

Glad Tom likes the bicycle. Burn up the old pavement, Mutso!

Lots of Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Jamaica, Long Island, N.Y.

November 25, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

This is last Sunday's letter. Things happened too fast for letter-writing then.

I suppose you heard from Uncle Howard about Howie's appendectomy in West Chester. It happened so suddenly - - a sick-headache and stomach-ache at 4 Saturday morning [November 20] that hung on until Clinton called his doctor at eight. Doctor Dickson diagnosed it at once as appendicitis, feared the appendix had ruptured since pain had ceased, and rushed Howard to the hospital for an emergency operation. Providentially the appendix was intact, but was 4 times normal size, and might have broken within 2 hours. But now Howard is coming along grand. Clinton was surprised to see how well he came out of the operation. It was very, very disappointing to Howard, however, to miss all the fun of the soccer trip.

And the soccer team missed him. What a hole he left in the forward line. He had scored in every game he had played in this year. The team just didn't click without him that afternoon - no punch in the offense, - and we lost to West Chester State Teacher's 1-0. Clinton and Louise were certainly good to us, and helped so much in arranging for Howard. Sunday evening the soccer team held a service in a Reformed Episcopal church in Philadelphia. Doc Cardiff preached, and the church gave us an offering we didn't expect. The team voted to devote the \$35 to Howie's train-fare back to Wheaton.

We lost Monday to Princeton 2-0, another game I think we'd have won with Howie. Archie Fletcher played a great game at center-half for the Tigers. I stayed overnight at the missionary apartments [Payne Hall, Princeton Seminary] with the Bernheisel's and met the Will Baird's and the Fletcher's. I also met Miss Bull, a lady I had guided through the Vatican in Rome on our way around the world.

Had a grand time Tuesday at West Point. We were treated royally. Was especially interested to watch the plebs, first year men, sitting so stiffly at attention as they ate. We lost 4-1 to one of the best teams in the country. Army has a squad of 150 out for soccer. We at least have the satisfaction of being the second team to score on them this year.

Yesterday, at last we found a forward line combination that clicked. We broke up our defense and sent Dayton from left full-back to fill in for Howie at center forward. And he scored the goal that beat St. John's University of Brooklyn, 3-2.

Those 4 games in 5 days left me mighty stiff, and quite ready to enjoy this grand Thanksgiving Day with Jim, Eleanor and Uncle Tom.

I'm thinking of coming out to California for the Christmas Holidays. Do you think it will be wise? I missed out on the reunion this summer, so it's been quite a while since we talked things over.

Keep at the studies, Mutso. And don't tie up Monrovia traffic with that bicycle.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Westchester, Pennsylvania
Chester County Hospital

November 26, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Greetings from the East! After downing the greater part of some poor turkey yesterday I feel so revived and refreshed that I'll make up for the Sunday letter I missed.

I suppose you've already heard the glad news that I'm minus a bit of internal anatomy - but it was useless anyway. The operation didn't bother me a bit, as I was pretty groggy by that time anyway, and I'm mighty thankful I didn't have much time before hand to worry about it. The last thing I ever expected to happen on this trip - but some things we don't have much say about.

The hardest part has been to miss playing with the team and the thought of all this additional expense - but I really don't know yet how much it will be. Clinton and Sam arranged for it all. The fellows held a church service Sunday evening and gave the entire collection (\$35.50) to me to help meet expenses. It was sure mighty nice of them, and I've been treated royally all around. Clinton and his wife have done everything possible, Westchester College has sent up fruit, best wishes etc., a lot of their players have come up for visits, Wheaton telegraphed their sympathy, various people have sent up candy, all sorts of people have asked me to convalesce in their homes when I get out - and in other words, I certainly haven't lacked for attention. I don't deserve any sympathy, for am really getting the finest kind of a rest and hate to think of leaving in a way. I've read a couple of good books, can write letters, talk to nurses, and generally have a swell time. The idea of going back and do all the make-up work at Wheaton is the worst part of it.

Physically I'm feeling fine. No pain now and getting stronger all the time. Stitches come out tomorrow, up a little the next day, and maybe I'll be out on Monday. But they won't let me take the trip home till about the end of the week, so I may run over and see Jim awhile before leaving.

No basketball now I'm afraid this winter, so that'll give me more time for lessons and *Tower*. Goodness knows they need it!

More later, - all well now.

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Jamaica, Long Island, N.Y.
150-03 88th Avenue

December 1, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

[post-card addressed to Rev. S.A. Moffett
311½ Wildrose Avenue
Monrovia, California]

Dear Folks,

Here I am in Jim's apartment waiting for them to come in. I came over from West Chester this afternoon to see them before going back to Wheaton. Can't travel too far yet anyway.

All well. Thanks for your letter and telegram. Feeling fine.

Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 1, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

I'm swamped with exams and make-up work, so I'll just make it a postcard this week.

Howard is coming along fine - - has been writing good letters and will probably be back next week.

We won our last two soccer games. Dayton scored in both. [It was] 3-2 against St. Johns University in Brooklyn, and 1-0 against Oberlin, Ohio. I was pretty sore and tired when we hit Wheaton at 5:30 a.m. Sunday but I'm recuperating nobly.

Mutso, Coach McKellin says to get to Wheaton quick. They need more soccer players.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 5, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

It's cold enough this morning to freeze an Eskimo, and the car we just about pushed out to Mooseheart had no heater in it. I hope to thaw out by noon. At least I can psychologically warm myself up by thinking of Charlie and Marian knocking icicles off the stove in the frozen wastes of North Dakota. Mutso, I think California is too good for you - you need a little of this Wheaton weather to make a man of you.

I refuse to feel sorry for Howie any more. The latest word from him is that he's left West Chester and has skipped up to New York to recuperate for a few days with Jim. I guess he's taking it pretty easy, though. And Christmas vacation he'll have to give over to making up all the work he's missed.

This is Sunday evening. I had to prepare some for preaching in Chicago this late afternoon at the Chicago Hebrew Mission. Seven Wheatonites went in. Four of them sang and gave testimonies, Miss Cumming, head of the League extension work conducted the Bible drill, and I gave a message. I had a bad cold all day, was hoarse and coughed clear up to the time of the sermon, but my throat cleared as soon as I began to speak. It was a real answer to prayer, because I was barely able to speak when I taught my Sunday School class this morning.

I wish I weren't quite so rushed these days. In addition to two exams I must take early this week, I must finish a long Anthropology term paper and memorize a piece for the Christmas Expression recital. One encouraging thing though, on my application for degree I discovered that my average for the first three years was sufficient for summa cum laude. I would certainly like to keep up the average for this last year. I had thought previously that my averages for last year had brought me down too low.

Mother's letter was a joy. Aristophanes is going along swimmingly, much easier than I expected. We're assigned between 70 and 100 lines a lesson, and it takes me only an hour to do it. Herodotus next semester which is supposed to be easier. But I fear those comprehensive exams which are looming far ahead. Too much grammar there. Incidentally, have I told you that I am no longer grading Greek papers? For the rest of this semester I'm student assistant in the journalism department instead of the Greek department, which really means that I'm getting pay now for the work I've been doing all along as news editor of the *Record*. I couldn't grade the Greek and still have enough time for the *Record*, so for the rest of the semester I'll stick with the rag, and then probably go back to Greek.

Basketball and wrestling season is here. We won our first basketball game Saturday 41-36 against Elmhurst, scoring 15 points to come from behind in the last seven minutes. But basketball doesn't seem the same without Howie in there. Our soccer trip ended here with a blaze of glory, the school was right behind us even if we did lose three games. They're quite proud of us for opening up athletic relations with Princeton and Army. And Howie is a campus hero.

12/05/1937 - p.2 S.H.M.

But I'm going to try and get some sleep tonight, and see if I can't knock this cold. I hope Mutso is still going to bed at 8:00. You're young still, and should toddle off to sleep immediately following the evening repast.

Lots of love,

Sam

P.S. Lost my pen on the soccer trip, worse luck. I'll be seeing you Christmas, I still think.

Dear Father:

I'm sending this on back to you, as you asked [it is uncertain what he is referring to here]. Howard won't be here until the middle of next week, probably, so I won't keep it. You seemed to want it back as soon as possible.

My, I was glad to get that letter from Mother. It's been so long since we had one from her and this one sounded so reasonable. But you must be careful not to rush things at the sanatorium. As well as I can see, recovery is very slow.

I've pretty well made up my mind to come out Christmas, even if Howard can't. I can get clergy rates on the railroad now, which will help out financially, and winter driving through the mountains is not as safe as it might be.

Lots of love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 6, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

[post-card addressed to Dr. S.A. Moffett
311½ Wildrose Avenue
Monrovia, California]

Dear Folks:

Arrived all O.K. this morning for the day's classes. Stopped over in Wooster yesterday. Feeling fine now, but swamped with work. Will be able to catch up in time, though.

No time to write more till Sunday.

Love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 12, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

Now for a little summary of the last few weeks. Looking back on it now it doesn't seem so bad, but the hardest part is just coming up when I have to be so careful and can't play basketball, or even skate. Everyone has been rubbing it in so much about how careful I've got to be that it almost begins to worry me.

After being released from the hospital I stayed around with Clinton and Louise in their home for a day and a half to get my sea-legs again, and then hopped on a train for New York. I really felt capable of it, so you had no reason to feel at all alarmed. I messed around there for three days, doing very little, but had a good visit with Uncle Tom. He took Jim and myself out to dinner one evening after I'd spent most of the afternoon with him in the National Arts Club and lying down in his room, and then Jim and Eleanor took us all out to a Chinese meal in China town one noon. It sure hit the spot. Uncle Tom seemed quite concerned about your getting into that Sierra Madre Retired Missionary Home, and wondered if you were still as anxious as you once were about transferring there. How did that finally come out?

On my way back here I stopped off in Philadelphia for an evening with Jim and Sam Crothers, and Huldah Blair and Jean Munroe. We had a great get together in the home where Sam is staying. I took a late train out of there and stopped over a couple of hours in Pittsburgh before arriving in Wooster last Sunday noon. I had good visits there with Dave Mowry, Corky Van Deusen, Ruth and Helen Bigger, and the Browne family. The latter had just arrived from China the week before, and as my train didn't leave till close to midnight they were good enough to let me keep them up in their home and visit till then. I had a mighty good time, but seeing as all her relatives were there I couldn't quite persuade Bea to come to Wheaton!

I pulled in here just in time for my Monday morning classes, and have been hard at them ever since. Most of my *Tower* work has been confined to opening bills which they've concurred [incurred] in my absence. Also, after doing nothing so far all year, my assistant business manager and advertising manager both decided that now, when I insisted they get started doing something, they would have to resign. It sure leaves me in a hole. And as though that wasn't bad enough, our clever photography editor cracked up Carl Henry's car while supposedly on *Tower* business - - so that sets us back a cool hundred dollars. Not a thing was done on ads while I was away, so now I'll try to get something done myself during vacation.

So far I've made up three of the six weeks exams I'd missed while away. None of them were accomplished very brilliantly, and I doubt if it was the wisest thing to do to take them so soon, but I just hated to have them hanging over me. I also made up my chem lab work, which was quite a job. I went in yesterday to see Dr. Edman about taking my political science make-up exam, and he said that since I was having a hard enough time of it as it was catching up on work, that if it was all right with me he would just turn in the same grade I made last six weeks and we'd forget about the exam. That surely was decent of him, and let me tell you I appreciated it. He's the squarest and about the most best liked prof. in school. His classes are the most

12/12/1937 - p.2 H.F.M.

interesting ones I've been in, too. Tomorrow Dr. McCune is coming out to speak to us in the one I have under him.

Friday night I took Martha Anderson to Open Lit. Yesterday I studied and worked on the *Tower* and also enviously watched people playing hockey and skating around out on the flooded soccer field. In the evening I went to see Wheaton lick Purdue in wrestling. This coming week I hope to get all my exams out of the way and leave the vacation free to write term papers and work on the *Tower*.

I'm sure glad Sam is able to get out to California for Christmas, and so cheaply too. It's fortunate that he is the one free to go, for it's his turn as I was out during the summer. Not that I wouldn't like to go again, but seeing as one of us can't I'm glad it isn't he. I'll be thinking of you, anyway.

My, but it was good to receive such a good letter from Mother and to know that she is coming along so well and feeling so much better. The Lord is certainly answering our prayers, and Mother, we hope it won't be any time at all before you are back at 311½ to make the house a home once more. How we all would love to be there with you, but wherever you are you may be very very sure that all our love is yours. You are the dearest Mother anyone could possibly wish to have, and how I do thank the Lord for you!

Just a word to Tomato. Don't take any brass from Sam when he's out there Mutso, and keep him busy washing dishes etc. Incidentally don't worry about sending me any presents. I'll get along all right, and I know you'd like to do a lot. That's what counts, anyway. Oh yes, be sure to ask Sam some day at the dinner table when there are guests about a southern girl by the name of Betty!

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 12, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Folks:

I'm going to be seeing you a week from tomorrow - a joyful thought. I've changed my plans, though, about coming by train. Paul Raynor is driving out Frank Wood's grandmother's car, and he gave me too good a rate to resist. I'll be going with him for \$20 round trip, whereas the usual rate by car is \$25 one way. We'll be leaving around Friday noon, and hope to hit Monrovia late Monday, driving the Southern route via Dallas as we did last Easter. The car's a new Ford, so the trip should be all right, the heater will keep us warm and the radio will amuse us."

Six weeks grades are out, and I'm still hanging on by the skin of my teeth, will probably graduate in June if fortune favors. Old Doc Straw, the reprobate, came through and socked me down for an 80 in Logic. Last six weeks he loosened up and gave me an 85, the only one in either section. He's entirely too conservative when it comes to grades - - just last semester the highest grades he gave in logic were two 85's, and he won't scale. My lowest grade for the last three years has been a 90, but I'm afraid Straw will fool me. Miss Cobb gave me a 90 in Expression, and is making a fool out of me in the Christmas Expression recital Tuesday evening - - all in the name of art. Moule gave me 95 in Greek History, and Free pulled up my Archaeology grade to 95 this six weeks, thanks to the fact that I led the class on the exam. So the soccer trip didn't do too much harm to my grades. Greek is coming along as smooth as ever.

Incidentally, Mutso, what's all this talk about you going on some sort of a journalism trip. Have you been writing for a school paper, and holding out on us.? I'll have to check up on your doings when I get out there to take you in hand. It's probably been a long time since you had a good whipping, but I'll take care of that. Sharpen your degenerate mind on this: If eggs cost 26¢ a dozen, how many can you buy for a cent and quarter? Also, you'd better start figuring out what we're going to do this vacation. And what do you want for Christmas?

Here's a cheering thought for Mother. I'm breaking down, throwing all pride to the wind, and wearing woolen underwear for the first time in years. My early training has been too much for me. Besides I have a cold I want to get rid of before I hit sunny California. It certainly is grand to be getting letters from you again, Mother.

I've finished all my make-up work except for one exam in Anthropology. My term paper in that subject, Dr. Grigolia liked so well, he's asked me to read it to some sort of a faculty meeting in February, which is encouraging. The other day in class he was talking about the American Museum of Natural History as being the best in the world, and he had been taking some of his lecture material from the Museum's monthly, *Natural History*. He was quite delighted to learn that Dr. Weyer, the editor, was a cousin of mine. It's nice to have useful cousins, even when they come by marriage.

Howard is coming along grand. He stands wistfully by the ice rink watching us play hockey, but he's taking it easy. I had to give him a bath the other day. I guess December is his month for a bath - - getting ready for the New Year, perhaps.

And now until I see you all for a real Christmas together, lots of love to all,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

December 19, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Howard:

This is to you only - because we understand that Samlet is due here tomorrow [Monday] and we will greet him with the voice welcome instead of by pen.

This should reach you just a day or two before Christmas and will carry with it a great load of love which we hope will not smother you.

I had rather hoped Uncle Howard and Aunt Susie might see their way clear to ask you to Madison for a few days but the calamitous news of the burning of Nellie's house has of course done away with all thought of that. What a pity it is!

I suppose you are resting up at Wheaton - at Mrs. Roy's, I suppose, but we do hope you are getting a real rest which will put [you] in good shape for next term.

My, what a welcome awaits Sam here and I am hoping [mother] may be able to come out for a few days and thus get ready for a permanent come out from the sanitarium.

Now, what do you want for Christmas? Tom and I have been scratching our heads trying to think up what you may want. Maybe I can get hold of something the next two or three days and meet you on Christmas day with some surprise - but if I do not think of anything I will have to send you a few dollars for you to invite yourself to what you can make use of.

You have some hard lines ahead, when you think of being knocked out of all athletics, but you will have to adapt yourself to the conditions, thanking the Lord that you came through [the appendectomy] so well and with so little loss of time.

We have much to thank the Lord for the way in which he led you through this experience. May the Lord continue to bless you and give you all needed grace for whatever comes to you through these experiences which make up character if taken in the right spirit.

With lots of love to all the "Kids from Korea" and wishing you all a Merry Merry Christmas -

Lovingly,

Father

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

December 19, 1937

Thomas F. Moffett

Dear Howard,

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year! Gee, I sure wish you were coming out here too but it can't be helped, I guess. You sure are having tough luck with the *Tower*, aren't you? I know it'll come out all right, though. I can hardly wait till Sam gets here. School starts January 3, 1938 here. When does it start there?

Monday Mrs. Brodhead and I went shopping after school over in Pasadena. We shopped some before dinner, then had dinner at a fountain and then shopped some more.

Lovingly,

Tom

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 19, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

The old place seems sort of dead now that everyone has cleared out, but I'm having a good time doing nothing much at all and taking it easy. I suppose Sam is either parked in a ditch somewhere a few miles down the road or else gunning it across Arizona 'neath summer skies. It's snowing outside here, but it's not so very cold so we're enjoying it. Last night we played Rook up in the *Tower* office and then went sliding in the moonlight. I haven't tried skating yet but hope to soon.

Most of yesterday I spent in getting off Christmas presents, but Friday night went to Welsh's Open House and had a swell informal time. There are quite a few staying around, so it isn't so bad.

Beginning tomorrow we're setting up a culinary department in the Church's kitchen and with chief chef Jack Foren (incidentally my room-mate now) we expect to really eat during vacation!! We may have a few girls come down and help out with the dish-washing too. It should be fun, and cheap too.

Stams invited me over there for Christmas dinner, but I think I'll go in to be with McCunes.

How glad we are to hear of Mother's splendid improvement!! That's the best Christmas present ever!!

Lots of love,

Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

December 22, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Dear Jim & Eleanor:

I have been too much occupied to be able to do any Christmas shopping and so I have not got off any packages.

The best gift is to tell you that we are expecting to have Mother with us on Christmas Day and we hope this may be the beginning of complete recovery. The doctor and parole nurse have given consent for her to come to us and if all goes well it may mean that she has started on a good return to clear sailing.

Samlet is here - having arrived Monday morning and will be with us through the Christmas season. He and 5 other boys came in an auto coming out from Wheaton - the Wood car.

I may get in a little sweet package just to remind you that it is full of messages of love and greeting.

How glad we are that Howard came through his operation [appendicitis] so successfully. With lots of love to you both and wishing you a Merry Merry Christmas -

Father
Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

December 22, 1937

Samuel Hugh Moffett

Dear Mother:

Tomorrow's a big day for us, mother. Your birthday is mighty important even if it does stick right along next to Christmas. Wish we could celebrate together, but doctors are doctors, and besides it will make Christmas all the brighter if staying in now will give us Christmas at home. My, but it was great to see you Tuesday.

Went sightseeing today as chauffeur to Mrs. Esselstyn. It was her car we drove out. Mutso came along together with an Aunt Ida and two kids from Lansing, Michigan, all relatives of the Woods. We saw the Kellogg stables, Euclid Avenue, Pomona College, and had a picnic lunch outside the Little Theater in the Padua hills - a beautiful old olive grove.

The Anthropology paper grows apace - 3 solid, meaty pages written today.

We're waiting for you, mother.

Love,

Sam

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Monrovia, California

December 23, 1937

Samuel A. Moffett

Lucia Dearest:

Today is your 60th Birthday and this carries to you a great big message of love. May it bring to you a great cheering of love and devotion and may you be brought to rejoice in your children and their love and accept this also from your devoted husband.

I think you will be able to come to our home and spend Christmas with us and that will be the greatest Birthday and Christmas gift we can possibly imagine! If all goes well Sam and I will come to you on Friday afternoon and bring you here to this home even though it is not our ordinary one - but with Mother and wife in it - it will certainly mean a new home, for where Mother and wife are - there is home.

You will be able to stay a few days with us and then shortly after that be able to come on and stay permanently with us.

With loads and loads of love to you, my dearest,

Your Sambo

Samuel A. Moffett

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)

Wheaton, Illinois

December 26, 1937

Howard Fergus Moffett

Dear Folks,

The morning after the day before. Yes, it was Christmas, at least that was what the calendar showed, but without any of the family around it just didn't seem to ring true. I've been having a good time though, so for goodness sake don't start thinking I've been neglected. Stams had me over for a wonderful turkey dinner, even though we didn't get started eating until 3:30 and downed the last piece of mince pie along about the time supper would ordinarily be coming up. I was indirectly invited out last night too, but just couldn't have eaten anything further so thought it best not to go.

Sam's card from New Mexico came early in the week, and although I haven't heard directly I suppose he got in all right early Monday morning. What a week you all must have had! I wish we had some of your sunshine. But after all, it hasn't been so bad here and it's been nice to be able to sleep late and have nothing to worry about. Our plan for batching over in the Church kitchen fell thru, so we've just been eating wherever we happened to land up around meal time. It's very convenient.

Last Monday the college threw a party for us all, rather unexciting but nice. On Tuesday Dr. Edman had a few of us over for supper and part of the evening after which we went down and slung questions at the representative of the Japanese Consul in Chicago. He was speaking to the American Legion here, and we really had him pretty well embarrassed at times. Wednesday, along with Jack Foran and Ruth Bell with Earle Stevens and his car, I dated Delle Mackenzie into the basketball game with Chicago University. We lost, 46-23, in a none too clever game, but afterwards we spent quite a while looking around China town and then had a dandy Chinese meal, topping it all off by driving around to see the lights of the city at Christmas time before coming home.

Thursday Clid and myself went into Chicago, incidentally being picked up by none other than friend Dyrness while hitch-hiking, and spent part of the afternoon and all of the evening with the McCunes. Peg, Shannon and Edie had just driven in from the East, and we had a slick time talking over the days that used to be. There was a Korean by the name of Kim (very definite, isn't it) there too, just over a few months ago. He's attending Moody's.

Christmas eve a bunch of us drove over to Aurora to a party given by Jerry Smith. She was all alone in possession of a huge ritzy house, but the place was sure ringing after we arrived.

The rest of my spare time, you can guess how much there would be after sleeping all morning. I have tried to use in getting caught up on things. This next week I'm really going to have to settle down and work, but so far I just haven't been in the mood.

Thanks for the pocketbook! I don't know how long I'll have anything to keep in it, but in itself it's a mighty nice one. Be sure to write about everything you've been doing there.

Lots and lots of love,
Howard

(from the Samuel Hugh Moffett collection of Samuel Austin Moffett papers)